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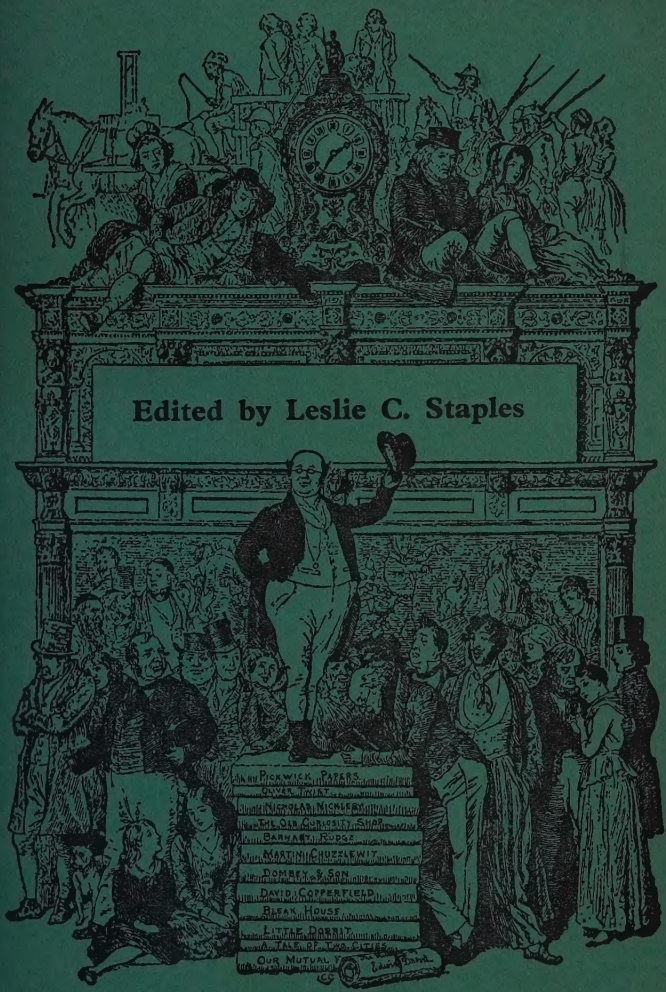
Published September, 1958

No. 326

THE DICKENSIAN



Edited by Leslie C. Staples

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CONTENTS

	PAGE
When Found—	131
Weekly Serialisation of Dickens's Novels. K. J. Fielding	134
John Greaves, Hon. Secretary 1948–1958	142
Thackeray. Lionel Stevenson	143
The Gurney Photographs. Noel C. Peyrouton	145
The Theatrical Ternans, III. Malcolm Morley	155
Dickens Fellowship: Annual Conference	165
Immortal Memory. Godfried Bomans	173
Who wrote *Mr. Robert Bolton?* W. J. Carlton	178
Richard C. D. Shuckburgh, M.C.	181
Dickens Commemoration Sermon. Rev. C. E. V. Bowkett	182
Notes on *Great Expectations*	185
The Dickens Fellowship in Holland. Godfried Bomans	186
Holland and Amsterdam. David Coleman	187
Friends of the Dickensian	188
The Dickens Fellowship	189
Balance Sheets	190
Recent Dickensiana	192
Dickens in the Cinema	192

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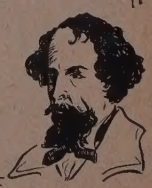

Charles Dickens's production of *The Frozen Deep*, 1857
at the Free Trade Hall, Manchester.
Reproduced for the first time from a watercolour in the Manchester Library, by special permission.

THE DICKENSIAN

WINTER NUMBER

VOL. LIV. SEPTEMBER 1958 No. 326

WHEN FOUND—

June 9th The 88th anniversary of Dickens's death was observed by the Dickens Fellowship when a wreath was laid on his grave in Westminster Abbey by two members from New Zealand, Miss Isabel F. Bremmer and Mr. H. S. Cordery. Some fifty members attended the little ceremony, over which the Dean presided.

* * * * *

Friends indeed As will be found on another page, the Editor announced at Conference that his scheme for financial aid for this magazine by "Friends of *The Dickensian*", had been so successful, far beyond his hope, that in future Friends would be asked to contribute annually only 50% of the sum they had agreed originally to send. The Editor here repeats his profound gratitude to these readers who value this publication so highly.

* * * * *

Conference in Holland The Dickens Fellowship is to hold its 53rd Annual Conference at Whitsun next year, in Holland, at the invitation of the Haarlem Branch, as is reported in the account of the Nottingham Conference. This will be a landmark indeed. It will be the first occasion on which Conference will have been held out of Britain and a very large number of members are expected to attend. Overseas members who plan to be in Europe next year should keep in touch with us and plan to be present at what promises to be a highly novel and enjoyable gathering. Our Dutch friends intend to ensure that the proceedings will follow a national pattern and will owe little or nothing to the plan usually followed here at home. The programme will, as usual, last from Friday till Monday, but there will most probably be plans arranged for those, and these are expected to form a very large proportion, who will desire to stay on for at least a week. Details will be available from the Dickens House during the autumn. In the meanwhile see pages 186-8.

* * * * *

Macready A relic of the great actor friend of Dickens has recently been presented to the Dickens House by his grand-daughter, Mrs. Lisa Puckle. It is a taper holder that stood on Dickens's desk at Gad's Hill, and was given to Cecile Macready, the actor's second wife, by Georgina Hogarth.

* * * * *

Dickens's speeches Our valued contributor, Dr. K. J. Fielding, has for some years now been working on a complete edition of Dickens's speeches, and we hail with delight the news that it is to be published by the Clarendon Press.

The only other edition, many times reprinted, was first issued in 1884, edited by R. H. Shepherd, and is sadly incomplete.

* * * * *

Doughty Street Recently there came up for sale at Sotheby's a parcel of letters, from Dickens and others, and other documents relative to 48 Doughty Street, and dealing especially with Dickens's relinquishment of the house. We were very fortunate to secure them for the Dickens House, and it is hoped that a detailed description of them will appear in our next number. In the meantime, the group of friends, whose names will be made known then, who subscribed to the cost are most heartily thanked.

* * * * *

Miss Havisham How many jilted brides and bridegrooms who immured themselves in mysterious houses have been stated to have suggested to Dickens the character of Miss Havisham? We, at any rate, have lost count, but a correspondent has kindly introduced us to one of whom we had not previously heard. The gentleman lived in a now demolished house in St. John's Wood, and more about him may be read in *Victorian Sidelights*, edited from the papers of the late Mrs. Adams-Acton, by A. M. W. Sterling (Ernest Benn), 1954. The house was known as Antigua Lodge, in Marlborough Place, and colour is given to the claim by the fact that Edmund Yates lived nearby, and he is said by Mrs. Adams-Acton to have pointed out the house to Dickens, and to have told him of the recluse who occupied it.

* * * * *

New light on Pickwick Do you have difficulty in understanding the profundities of the characterisation of Mr. Pickwick and his associates? You might find assistance from psychiatry. A "specialist in psychological medicine", writing recently in a leading Sunday newspaper, wrote that the Fat Boy "is a beautifully observed and described example of a certain type of dysplastic individual exhibiting a type of disorder which corresponds very well with his type of dysplasia. Mr. Pickwick, himself, is perfectly true to type—pycnosomatic and cyclothymic." We are instructed.

* * * * *

Alfred Noyes We salute the passing of our good friend Alfred Noyes, who was said to have been the last of the great Victorian poets. After a brilliant lecture on Dickens to the Fellowship in 1933 he became its President, and spoke at the Birthday Dinner in London in 1934, and later in the same year at the Conference at Southend. We heard him again at the Portsmouth Conference in 1954 and a day or two afterwards he received us all in his beautiful garden in the Isle of Wight.

* * * * *

Corrigendum We humbly ask all those correspondents who have written to us about Miss Athene Seyler's reference to Pickwick at the White Horse, Ipswich, to accept this joint apology. At the Birthday Dinner in London, Miss Seyler inadvertently referred to the lady "in Mr. Pickwick's

room ". Of course, he was in hers, but if those correspondents had heard Miss Seyler, and not merely read her in these columns, they would understand how, in the gaiety and spontaneity of her delightful speech, such a slip got by.

* * * * *

L. A. G. Strong The Fellowship loses another great friend in the death of yet another Past President, L. A. G. Strong. His brilliant address on *David Copperfield* to the Fellowship in London, printed in *The Dickensian* in 1950 led to a cordially accepted invitation to the Presidency in the same year.

* * * * *

Broadstairs Yet again the Broadstairs Branch scored a great success with its now famous Dickens Festival. The transference to June has been triumphant and large numbers of people attended all the events. As usual, pride of place goes to nearly a week's performances of one of Gladys Waterer's highly efficient dramatic adaptations from Dickens, this year *Our Mutual Friend*, which was admirably performed under her own direction. Splendid weather graced the garden party at "Bleak House," given by kind permission of Mrs. J. E. Collins, at which there was a record gathering. The heartiest congratulations were well earned by all concerned.

* * * * * *

A centenary To mark the centenary of Dickens's first public reading in 1858, the New York Library held an exhibition of copies of the privately printed readings, letters, etc., drawn from its Berg Collection. The catalogue is a most valuable addition to Dickensiana. This reveals that of the sixteen readings which Dickens prepared for use on the platform, twelve are represented in the Library by his personal annotated copies. Of the further five which were never used, three are also in the Berg Collection. The catalogue, *Reading for Profit* (75c) was prepared by the curator of the collection, Dr. John D. Gordan.

* * * * *

John Osborne anticipated "Charles Dickens was the first angry young man. But he had a great deal to be angry about and his books had more in them than the confused, sex-ridden novels of today's angry young men," said Mrs. H. E. Evans, at the Conference Dinner at Nottingham.

* * * * *

A tribute We proudly print a word of praise recently received from New York. Maybe we should have been content with private commendations but, arising as it did out of certain criticisms of the magazine which had become articulate, we cannot resist the pleasure of quotation: "I would no more have *The Dickensian* changed, than *Punch*, or the *Book of Common Prayer*, or the *King James Version of the Bible*."

LESLIE C. STAPLES

THE WEEKLY SERIALISATION OF DICKENS'S NOVELS

By K. J. Fielding

I

THESE remarks on the weekly serialisation of Dickens's novels follow on an article on "The Monthly Serialisation", in last January's *Dickensian*. They are meant, in the same way, to offer some introductory comments to plans showing how the novels were originally divided into parts. The same works which were recommended then are indispensable to anyone who wishes to study how Dickens dealt with the problems of serialisation: *Dickens Romancier* by Sylvere Monod, *Dickens at Work* by John Butt and Kathleen Tillotson, and the latter's *Novels of the Eighteen-Forties*. An article by the late Professor G. G. Grubb on "Dickens's Weekly Pattern of Serialisation", *ELH*, IX, 1942, may also be found helpful; but it is in an American periodical that I have been unable to consult.

Dickens's practice of weekly serialisation falls into two distinct periods. First comes the pair of stories he wrote for *Master Humphrey's Clock—The Old Curiosity Shop* and *Barnaby Rudge*. Then, after a long interval, the three well-constructed novels he told in the pages of *Household Words* and *All the Year Round*. These three, *Hard Times*, *A Tale of Two Cities* and *Great Expectations*, show a growing mastery of form which deserves the closest attention.

All the five novels still offer many perplexities and opportunities for analysis, with which I can hardly attempt to deal. *The Old Curiosity Shop*, in particular, has never been examined as closely as it might be. There is not much doubt that the compressed form in which it was written, encouraged Dickens to make it partly allegorical in manner. The shorter instalments cramped his genius for characterisation, and tempted him to take stylistic short cuts which give it its peculiar character. *Barnaby Rudge*, on the other hand, is so much in the style of the traditional historical novel, that there is little or nothing about it to remind us that it was published week by week. The main good effect of its serialisation was that it was written to hold the reader's attention from the first; a resulting weakness in the story was that, as Forster said, "the interest" with which it began, had "ceased to be the interest before the close."

Dickens found it irksome to write in weekly parts. He had taken the idea up, hoping that it would bring him closer to his readers. Mere considerations of profit, moreover, he maintained made weekly serialisation much more advantageous to him. He gave it up chiefly because he found it so difficult to keep his readers' attention without hurrying on the story and giving away the plot.

Perhaps the most remarkable thing about the earlier weekly serials, is the curious literary ambition which led Dickens to prefer this form to what he was to call his "old and well tried plan, which has only twelve gaps in the year instead of fifty-two."

Even while *Nicholas Nickleby* had been drawing to a close, he had written to Forster to ask him what he thought of the proposal to bring out a weekly periodical not all of which he would have to write himself. "The best general idea of the plan," he wrote, "might be given perhaps by reference to the *Tatler*, the *Spectator*, and Goldsmith's *Bee*." Even when he bade farewell to his readers at the end of *Nickleby*, he chose to call himself a "periodical essayist", and "took leave of his readers in the words of Henry Mackenzie in the last paper of the *Lounger*." (See Preface to *Dickens at Work*.) But even when this idea had to be abandoned, because his readers would not subscribe to a periodical that had not the interest of a continuous story, he was always harking back to the possibility of imitating Addison. It is hard to understand why he should have wanted to do this, unless we allow enough for his desire for recognised literary distinction far beyond the reputation he had already won as a writer of comedies and thrillers.

Goldsmith, Steele and Addison, of course, had been among the writers who had made a great impression upon him as a child, and it was naturally they whom he wished to emulate. But, in addition to the Addisonian strain, there was another very strong influence on Dickens's choice to continue using the periodical form, for which sufficient allowance is not always made. A work that was always in Dickens's mind, more than any written by his English predecessors, was the *Arabian Nights*. Except for the plays of Shakespeare, no other work so stirred his imagination, or is so constantly referred to in his works. It was not merely a source of inspiration when he came to write such articles as "The Thousand and One Humbugs", in *Household Words*; again and again he makes fanciful references to the stories that had brightened his boyhood. One of his first known writings, the childhood tragedy, *Misnar, the Sultan of India* was derived from a volume of imitations of the *Arabian Nights* by the Rev. J. Ridley. The stories of Gog and Magog, at the beginning of *Master Humphrey's Clock*, were meant to be of the same kind and in the same style. Even when he was planning another weekly periodical, in the forties, Dickens thought of himself as a sort of Haroun Al Raschid, going about the streets of London, seeking for copy, in disguise. When he rose to speak in public, he frequently used to turn to the *Arabian Nights* for an apt illustration of what he had to say. "A book of charming fancies," he called it in a speech in Birmingham, early in his career; and thereafter, at different times, he often spoke of its characters, of the various Genii, Aladdin and Scheherazade herself.

When his literary ambition was aroused he wanted to be like the eighteenth-century essayists; when his creative imagination was at work he thought of Scheherazade and the Sultan. It is hardly too fanciful to suppose that they came to stand, for him, as a symbol of his relation to his public. How much the book accounts for in his work, it would be hard to say: the grotesques, the variety, the strange surprises, the plot of the hero wonderfully favoured by fortune—these are all much closer to the *Arabian Nights* than, say, to Addison's "Vision of Mirza."

Certainly its influence is not merely a fancy. Even in the later

novels, he had his boyhood favourite imaginatively in mind. At the very beginning of *Hard Times*, for example, Mr. McChoakumchild is likened to Morgiana dealing with the Forty Thieves. *A Tale of Two Cities* is dominated by the two symbols of the Golden Thread and Sinbad's Loadstone Rock. And in *Great Expectations*, when he wished to show how systematically he had been approaching the catastrophe, it was to " the Eastern story ", that Dickens turned for an incident in which, " all being made ready . . . and the hour come, the sultan was aroused in the dead of night . . . So, in my case, all the work . . . that tended to the end had been accomplished; and in an instant, the blow was struck, and the roof of my stronghold dropped."

Such, at least, is one of the links that binds the early weekly serials to the later: Dickens's constant conviction that like Dinazarde's sister, he kept his position as the favourite of his public only " under the stern condition " that his " inventive capacity must master my whole life."

II

When Dickens returned to writing a novel in weekly parts, he found it extraordinarily difficult. The idea came about partly by chance. When he had started *Household Words*, he had apparently never thought of including any long serial stories. Then Mrs. Gaskell wrote " Lizzie Leigh ", which spread over three numbers, and *Cranford* which began as a series of sketches—appearing every now and then—and which ended up as a complete book. Only in 1854 did his partners in the periodical suggest to Dickens that he should write a novel for the magazine which might make an " unheard of effect ", if " continued from week to week." Dickens seized on the suggestion, and thought it good enough to make an arrangement with Mrs. Gaskell (his " dear Scheherazade ") to write a serial story for *Household Words*, which should follow his own.

The writing of *Hard Times*, which is what the new novel was called, was made all the more difficult for him because it had first been conceived as a monthly serial. It has all the potentialities for ramification into sub-plots that the monthly serials had. In order to keep up the variety, in writing the " monthlies ", Dickens had always indulged himself with a large cast of characters. For *Hard Times* he had too many. Stephen Blackpool, his wife, and Rachel; the circus people; James Harthouse, and even the younger Gradgrind children, might have had much more made of them, but they were sternly kept under control. Dickens complained of the difficulty to Forster: " Nobody can have an idea of it who has not had an experience of patient fiction-writing with some elbow-room always, and open places in perspective. In this form, with any kind of regard to the current number, there is absolutely no such thing."

On reaching the last month, he was forced to allow himself more space. He had meant to extend it over five months or twenty weekly parts. He now seems to have thought of giving himself an extra month, and he certainly tried the effect of arranging the plan to permit a twenty-first week. Eventually, he squeezed in

new chapter-headings, made a note to say that he would need an extra ten pages of manuscript, and went on to use over thirteen.[1] Fortunately the circumstances of weekly publication allowed much greater elasticity, since in an emergency the weekly instalment could be lengthened or shortened, or the whole magazine could have extra pages. As proprietor and editor, Dickens was able to take advantage of these circumstances when the need arose.

Another curious circumstance about the conclusion of *Hard Times* is that the proofs show a footnote to the chapter about the Old Hell Shaft, which refers the interested reader to the series of articles on Factory accidents which had been appearing in *Household Words*. There is hardly a more remarkable instance of the close connection that is often to be found between Dickens's journalism and the novels. Although, on second thoughts, he took it out before publication, it also seems to show that he thought of *Hard Times* almost as a work of journalism itself: "*Hard Times for These Times*", as the full title ran when it was first published in volume form. He thought of permitting himself a liberty which he would never have dreamt of taking outside the pages of *Household Words*; and, in spite of the tremendous effect which the story had on its weekly sales, he reverted to the idea of keeping the magazine simply for journalism as soon as it was finished.

There was no further necessity for Dickens to submit to the ordeal of writing a weekly serial as long as the magazine lasted. Surprisingly enough, no one else was asked to do so either, once Mrs. Gaskell had finished *North and South*. It was Wills' and Wilkie Collins' idea, in 1857, that the latter should contribute a long serial story, called *The Dead Secret*. Dickens "doubted its value"; he was convinced that it would not be as useful "as detached papers, or short stories in four parts", but he was willing to allow the "experiment". Apparently it was quite a successful one; for when Dickens decided to bring *Household Words* to an end, and to start *All the Year Round*, he chose to announce that it would contain a new serial, *A Tale of Two Cities*. So great an effect had this on the sale that, when it was finished, he made a further announcement that for the future he would reserve "the first place", in the magazine, "for a continuous work of fiction", and that it was his "hope and aim" to include "some sustained works of imagination that may become part of English Literature." Following this announcement came the first brief instalment of *The Woman in White*.

It has so often been suggested that Wilkie Collins had some influence on Dickens's methods of serialisation and constructing the novels, that one naturally turns back to this question with

[1] The note to allow himself an extra ten pages is in the manuscript of the part-plan, in the Forster Collection. See also, Professor Butt's chapter on the novel in *Dickens at Work*, 1957. The plan for the last month is headed, "Nos. V & VI," though it did not go beyond number 5. A weekly twenty-first number was allowed for, noted down, never crossed out, but not needed. Dickens allowed himself extra room in *Household Words*, instead. The usual length of a weekly instalment was about five pages. In the last month, Dickens used 6, 7, 7, and 9 : an extra 13½ pages of MS. by his own calculation. An additional reason for not running over into an extra week or month was that, as planned, the story ended with the end of the ninth volume. Immediately before *Hard Times*, a weekly number of *Household Words* consisted of twenty pages: throughout the serialisation, there were twenty-four pages in each number, except the last which reverted to twenty. When *North and South* started, the number went up to twenty-four. It is noteworthy that Forster says that, of the "two designs" Dickens started with, he was able to treat one fully and the other only "partially."

interest. There is no evidence to support it. More than this, it remains a most remarkable fact that all the time Collins was contributing his first serial novel to *Household Words*, only one letter of Dickens is known which refers to his work. This is the one in which he merely states his intention of reading the manuscript. Thereafter, there is not another word about it. If one compares this with the stream of letters to W. H. Wills, who was also working at the *Household Words* office, or with the constant correspondence kept up with Mrs. Gaskell while she was contributing *North and South*, it seems extremely probable that Collins kept back the letters of advice that Dickens wrote to him. No doubt they also discussed the novel when they met, but in view of Dickens's practice with other contributors it remains unlikely that he did not write to Collins about the progress of the story in both manuscript and proof. One may compare it with Dickens's practice of asking Forster's opinion, which seems to have been carried out by letter even when they were meeting regularly. The serialisation of *The Dead Secret* was still so much an " experiment ", and Collins was so much his junior, that Dickens is certain to have offered his suggestions. Dickens was the editor, and Collins was in his pay: at this time he was almost unknown, and happy to accept six pounds a week. Yet, by the time he came to publish his carefully-kept and selected collection of Dickens's letters, he was the most popular novelist of his day. In spite of his acid remarks about Forster's care of Dickens's reputation, in writing the *Life*, Collins was remarkably cautious about looking after his own when it came to publishing the letters.

Indeed, at this time, Dickens and Collins held directly opposed opinions about the best way to construct a novel. Collins's plan was not to conceal the climax of the story, but to lead up to it in full view, exercising his skill to create an overwhelming sense of suspense and inevitability. In writing a preface for *The Dead Secret* (in January, 1861) he explained: " It may not be out of place here, to notice a critical objection which was raised in certain quarters, against the construction of the narrative. I was blamed for allowing the ' Secret ' to glimmer on the reader at an early period of the story, instead of keeping it in total darkness to the end. If this was a mistake (which I venture to doubt) I committed it with both eyes open . . . I thought it most desirable to let the effect of the story depend on expectation rather than surprise." The same plan as this was followed in *Hide and Seek*, *No Name*, and *Armadale*. It is known that Dickens disliked it; and although it is only conjecture, it is not at all improbable that he was the source of the critical objections which were made to " the construction of the narrative." Whether or not they were expressed in letters that Collins preferred to conceal may remain unproved, but it remains astonishing that their remaining correspondence was almost always about getting away from writing and never about their work.

There is one exception to this: the letter of October 6th, 1859, which Dickens wrote to Collins about *A Tale of Two Cities*. I have already dealt with it, in some detail, in " Dickens and Wilkie Collins, A Reply ", *The Dickensian*, June 1953, XLIX, 130-136.

It is clear from this that when Collins asked Dickens whether he did not think he would have done better to construct his novel on the same lines as *The Dead Secret*, saying, " Could it have been done at all, in the way I suggest, to advantage ? " Dickens's reply was a snub. " In your manner," he told Collins, " it would have been overdone . . . too elaborately trapped, baited, and prepared—in the main anticipated and its interest wasted." Other possibilities put forward by Collins were " quite out of the question," and his way of doing it, Dickens said, was unimaginable without leaving the reader " wearied and the expectation wire-drawn."

The planning of *A Tale of Two Cities* was more closely worked-out than *Hard Times*. There was less elasticity allowed in the length of the numbers. For, not only did Dickens keep fairly strictly to a uniform weekly length, but he had to work even more carefully to monthly parts as well. *A Tale of Two Cities* was advertised as appearing in monthly numbers—as well as in *All the Year Round*—uniform with *Pickwick* and *David Copperfield*, and with the usual two illustrations by H. K. Browne. So much depended on the interest of the plot, that Dickens felt that it would be an immense advantage to have " numbers of people who read it in no portions smaller than a monthly part." If one reads it in the weekly instalments, it is clear that he took great pains to make the breaks at dramatic moments. The tricks of serialisation are more obvious in *A Tale of Two Cities*. As usual, he declared that the " small portions " drove him " frantic "; but he also found a great interest in working out the construction. He even told Forster that only the " pleasure of striving with the difficult form of treatment ", could compensate for the time and trouble of condensation: a significant remark that helps to show his constant interest in something new, and his growing preoccupation with form.

His next weekly serial was *Great Expectations*. It is a masterpiece of construction, to which it is impossible to do justice in brief. There are one or two minor features, however, which may be compared to those in the two previous weekly serials. After the difficulties of writing his last novel in monthly numbers as well as in weekly instalments for *All the Year Round*, Dickens abandoned the idea. It did not make much difference. He still evidently had the monthly unit in mind as he wrote, but it was possible for him to vary the length of each monthly unit by as much as two pages of manuscript or a page and a half of *All the Year Round* when he chose. Again, the former division into " Books " was carried a step further. It was evidently planned, from the first, that there should be three " stages " of Pip's Expectations, of equal length, which should correspond with the three volumes in which the completed work was published. Once again, Dickens found such planning difficult; but, as before, and " in all such cases, when it is overcome ", so he wrote to Forster, " the pleasure is proportionate."

It is a great pity that the part-plans he presumably made for *A Tale of Two Cities* and *Great Expectations* have not survived. Their form suggests that he worked in the usual way, though he

had to look ahead much further. One wonders whether the notes were so extensive and altered, that Dickens preferred to tear up all that reminded him of his difficulties, and enjoy the pleasure of looking at the completed work in which they were overcome. One may even ask the question now, whether we need to be reminded of the pains of composition in order to be able to enjoy the works themselves? Obviously, not; but, one may add, "as in all such cases," the difficulty of studying such complexities, may also bring its "proportionate pleasure", once "it is overcome."

The Number Division of the Weekly Serials

The Old Curiosity Shop

In *Master Humphrey's Clock* from April 25th, 1840, to February 6th, 1841.

Part 4,	ch. 1	Part 19,	ch. 23-24	Part 32,	ch. 48-49
7,	ch. 2	20,	ch. 25-26	33,	ch. 50-51
8,	ch. 3-4	21,	ch. 27-28	34,	ch. 52-53
9,	ch. 5	22,	ch. 29-30	35,	ch. 54-55
10,	ch. 6-7	23,	ch. 31-32	36,	ch. 56-57
11,	ch. 8	24,	ch. 33-34	37,	ch. 58-59
12,	ch. 9-10	25,	ch. 35-36	38,	ch. 60-61
13,	ch. 11-12	26,	ch. 37	39,	ch. 62-63
14,	ch. 13-14	27,	ch. 38-39	40,	ch. 64-65
15,	ch. 15-16	28,	ch. 40-41	41,	ch. 66
16,	ch. 17-18	29,	ch. 42-43	42,	ch. 67-68
17,	ch. 19-20	30,	ch. 44-45	43,	ch. 69-70
18,	ch. 21-22	31,	ch. 46-47	44,	ch. 71-72
				45,	ch. 73

Barnaby Rudge

In *Master Humphrey's Clock* from February 13th, 1841, to November 27th, 1841, on which date parts 86 and 87 appeared together.

Part 46,	ch. 1	Part 60,	ch. 27-28	Part 74,	ch. 54-56
47,	ch. 2-3	61,	ch. 29-30	75,	ch. 57-58
48,	ch. 4-5	62,	ch. 31-32	76,	ch. 59-60
49,	ch. 6-7	63,	ch. 33-34	77,	ch. 61-62
50,	ch. 8-9	64,	ch. 35-36	78,	ch. 63-64
51,	ch. 10-11	65,	ch. 37-38	79,	ch. 65-66
52,	ch. 12	66,	ch. 39-40	80,	ch. 67-68
53,	ch. 13-14	67,	ch. 41-42	81,	ch. 69-70
54,	ch. 15-16	68,	ch. 43-44	82,	ch. 71-72
55,	ch. 17-18	69,	ch. 45-46	83,	ch. 73-74
56,	ch. 19-20	70,	ch. 47-48	84,	ch. 75-76
57,	ch. 21-22	71,	ch. 49-50	85,	ch. 77-78
58,	ch. 23-24	72,	ch. 51-52	86,	ch. 79-80
59,	ch. 25-26	73,	ch. 53-54	87,	ch. 81-82

Hard Times

In *Household Words*, IX, 1854.

April 1,	ch. 1-3	May 20,	ch. 15-16	July 8,	ch. 25-26
April 8,	ch. 4-5	May 27,	ch. 17	July 15,	ch. 27-28
April 15,	ch. 6	June 3,	ch. 18-19	July 22,	ch. 29-30
April 22,	ch. 7-8	June 10,	ch. 20-21	July 29,	ch. 31-32
April 29,	ch. 9-10	June 17,	ch. 22	Aug. 5,	ch. 33-34
May 6,	ch. 11-12	June 24,	ch. 23	Aug. 12,	ch. 35-36
May 13,	ch. 13-14	July 1,	ch. 24		

On first publication in volume form, the work was divided into three books, and the chapters were re-numbered: *Book the First*, "Sowing," ch. 1-16; *Book the Second*, "Reaping," ch. 17-28; and *Book the Third*, "Garnering," ch. 29-37.

A Tale of Two Cities

In *All the Year Round*, from No. 1, Vol. I, 1859. It was designed to be in three books, as shown, from the beginning: *Book the First*, "Restored to Life"; *Book the Second*, "The Golden Thread"; and *Book the Third*, "The Track of a Storm."

Book I				Book III	
April 30,	ch. 1-3	June 25,	ch. 7-8	Sept. 17,	ch. 1
May 7,	ch. 4	July 2,	ch. 9	Sept. 24,	ch. 2-3
May 14,	ch. 5	July 9,	ch. 10-11	Oct. 1,	ch. 4-5
May 21,	ch. 6	July 16,	ch. 12-13	Oct. 8,	ch. 6-7
		July 23,	ch. 14	Oct. 15,	ch. 8
		July 30,	ch. 15	Oct. 22,	ch. 9
Book II		Aug. 6,	ch. 16	Oct. 29,	ch. 10
		Aug. 13,	ch. 17-18	Nov. 5,	ch. 11-12
May 28,	ch. 1-2	Aug. 20,	ch. 19-20	Nov. 12,	ch. 13
June 4,	ch. 3	Aug. 27,	ch. 21	Nov. 19,	ch. 14
June 11,	ch. 4-5	Sept. 3,	ch. 22-23	Nov. 26,	ch. 15
June 18,	ch. 6	Sept. 10,	ch. 24		

Great Expectations

In *All the Year Round*, IV-V, 1859-60. Pip's Expectations were divided into three "Stages" from the beginning. They corresponded with the three volumes in which the book was published when the serialisation came to an end.

First Stage:		Second Stage:		Third Stage:	
Dec. 1,	ch. 1-2	Feb. 23,	ch. 20-21	May 18,	ch. 40
Dec. 8,	ch. 3-4	Mar. 2,	ch. 22	May 25,	ch. 41-42
Dec. 15,	ch. 5	Mar. 9,	ch. 23-24	June 1,	ch. 43-44
Dec. 22,	ch. 6-7	Mar. 16,	ch. 25-26	June 8,	ch. 45-46
Dec. 29,	ch. 8	Mar. 23,	ch. 27-28	June 15,	ch. 47-48
Jan. 5,	ch. 9-10	Mar. 30,	ch. 29	June 22,	ch. 49-50
Jan. 12,	ch. 11	April 6,	ch. 30-31	June 29,	ch. 51-52
Jan. 19,	ch. 12-13	April 13,	ch. 32-33	July 6,	ch. 53
Jan. 26,	ch. 14-15	April 20,	ch. 34-35	July 13,	ch. 54
Feb. 2,	ch. 16-17	April 27,	ch. 36-37	July 20,	ch. 55-56
Feb. 9,	ch. 18	May 4,	ch. 38	July 27,	ch. 57
Feb. 16,	ch. 19	May 11,	ch. 39	Aug. 3,	ch. 58-59

JOHN GREAVES

Hon. Secretary 1948-1958

AS reported in the account of Annual Conference at Nottingham on another page, the occasion was marked by a presentation to Mr. John Greaves in appreciation of his services as Hon. Secretary of the Dickens Fellowship, and the Dickens House, for ten years. This term has only once been exceeded in the history of the Fellowship, and then by Mr. A. W. Edwards, most happily still with us.

Photograph by Brian Greaves

At Nottingham Mr. Greaves heard his labours described as arduous, unselfish, enthusiastic, and successful: his business ability being of the greatest value and his Dickens Recitals, taken up and down the country, including visits to every branch in the United Kingdom having given incalculable pleasure and being of infinite value to the Fellowship.

As a token of the Fellowship's gratitude, branches and members throughout the world had united in providing a testimonial in the form of a cheque (to the amount of £200) which might assist him in attaining his aim in reaching as many American Dickensians as possible on his forthcoming tour of the United States and Canada, or for any other purpose he chose. As a souvenir of the occasion he was asked also to accept a signed and framed autograph letter of Dickens, and Mrs. Greaves was presented with flowers and a silver set marcasite brooch. The presentations were made by the Chairman of Conference, Miss C. Stuart Bunning.

Mr. Greaves was so thoroughly taken by surprise that he had some difficulty in making his acknowledgements, which he did in a brief and moving speech.

Early in October, Mr. Greaves, accompanied by Mrs. Greaves, makes his first visit to America, where a member, Mr. John Aseltine, of Del Mar, California, has arranged a series of recitals for him right up the West coast from Los Angeles to Vancouver,

which, with brief halts in the East, will occupy him nearly until the end of the year. We wish him Godspeed, a brilliant success, and a safe return. We had the pleasure of meeting Mr. and Mrs. Aseltine at the Buxton Conference last year, where they first heard Mr. Greaves, and know that our friends will be in excellent hands.

The following is a letter we have received from Mr. Greaves:

Richmond, Surrey.
May, 1958.

Dear Fellow Dickensians,

The Hon. Editor has kindly allowed me space in our magazine to express my very sincere and heartfelt thanks to Branches and members of the Fellowship for their kind wishes and very generous token of their appreciation of my services during the last ten years. It is a heart-warming thought so many Branches overseas, whose members I have never had the pleasure of meeting, should have joined in these expressions of appreciation and in the presentations to my wife and myself.

I have always considered it a great privilege to hold the office of Hon. Secretary to this world-wide organisation; to follow such distinguished predecessors; and it has ever been a source of pleasure to serve it to the best of my ability. My wife and I have enjoyed immeasurable happiness in the many good friends we have made, and we look forward to extending our "Dickens Circle" during our visit to America in October.

If secrets cannot be kept elsewhere, they most certainly can in the Fellowship. The presentation at Conference, with the sincere and generous words of my dear friend, Leslie Staples, which I prize so deeply, came as a complete surprise and I am afraid that I failed entirely to recover myself and to convey to those present how much I value this wonderful presentation and the thoughts behind it. My wife and I will treasure our memories of this moment all our lives.

Yours in Fellowship,
JOHN GREAVES,
Hon. Secretary

THACKERAY

Thackeray: the Age of Wisdom, 1847-1863. By Gordon N. Ray. Oxford University Press. 55*s*.

Professor Gordon Ray's biography of Thackeray, which has now been completed by the publication of the second volume, is bound to challenge comparison with another massive production of American scholarship in the same field, Edgar Johnson's *Life of Dickens*. The principal difference is that Professor Johnson

was more exhaustive in recording every detail of Dickens's career and in giving a full critical analysis of each of his books. Professor Ray confines himself to the principal events of Thackeray's life, implying that scholars in search of more minute particulars can consult his great four-volume edition of Thackeray's letters and private papers. His discussion of the author's writings is concerned chiefly with determining their place in the development of English fiction, and so he allots relatively little attention to the minor works. On the other hand, he is deeply interested in Thackery's social *milieu*; several of his chapters are handled almost in the manner of an historical novel, supplying a panoramic view of English social life in the mid-nineteenth century, on the assumption that that era has faded so far into the past that it is now almost totally unfamiliar to American—and perhaps also to English—readers. Particularly, his explanation of the two factions among the writers—the "Bohemians" and the "swells"—throws a revealing light upon the literary jealousies that often flared into quarrels. Mr. Ray is helpful also in his analysis of the different attitudes of Dickens and Thackeray toward the whole English way of life at the time.

If one wishes to obtain a complete view of the intermittent friendship and the imputed rivalry between the two authors, it is probably necessary to read the relevant passages in both biographies. Though neither Professor Johnson nor Professor Ray is an aggressive partisan, each inevitably sees their relationship from his own man's point of view. It becomes clear that there were three main elements in the situation: first, a basic difference in temperament and background that rendered any really intimate friendship impossible; second, the instinctive compulsion felt by any creative writer, to measure himself against his chief competitor and thereby to advance his own artistic mastery, just as a sprinter achieves his record runs when paced by a formidable challenger; and finally, the perpetual pressure of reviewers and admirers who insisted upon pitting their respective favourites against each other.

In this volume we see Dickens and Thackeray first falling out when Forster attacked Thackeray for impugning "the dignity of literature" in *Pendennis* and when (shortly afterwards) Thackeray refused to support Dickens's pet project of the Guild of Literature and Art. Three or four years later the two came closer together in the Administrative Reform Association; but this temporary alliance was dissolved in the long wrangle over Yates and the Garrick Club. Though this deplorable and ludicrous crisis brought out some less admirable traits in both authors, the final impression is that Dickens and Thackeray had an innate liking and respect for each other that survived all disputes, and that both behaved better than might have been expected in difficult circumstances. Each had positive opinions about the functions and prestige of the literary profession; and it is perhaps all to the good that they emerged as unofficial leaders of the two factions that served constantly to restrain one another, like the two parties in the parliamentary system.

LIONEL STEVENSON

THE GURNEY PHOTOGRAPHS

By Noel C. Peyrouton

DESPITE his frequent protestations that it was torture for him to sit for photographers,[1] Charles Dickens was many times their subject. We have record of studies by Mason & Co., J. & C. Watkins, H. Watkins and J. Gurney & Son the first three English, the last American. It is of these last, pronounced by some to be the best ever done of him,[2] that I would treat.

I

Thomas Wright, following Frederick Kitton, suggests that Dickens was "prevailed upon to have his portrait taken by Mr. Gurney of New York" because the photographs displayed in shop windows by way of welcome to America again after a quarter century interval, were "wonderfully unlike him."[3] These were probably copies, poor ones, of earlier photos by Mason and by Watkins.

BENJAMIN GURNEY
Courtesy: Library of Congress

Although aesthetic sensitivity may have been a factor, both Dolby and Dickens must have realised that they would not be able to escape the importunities of the American commercial photographer. They would have just as quickly realised that an exclusive sitting for a famous American house would add measurably to the receipts from the readings as well as help publicise them. In America, New York was the centre for *Temples* of photographic art. Among many first-class operators there were two giants: a Gog and a Magog: Brady and Gurney.

How the decision was made, what negotiating took place, whether or no the two fought over this prize[4] (as they had over others), how much Dickens realised on the photographs[5]—these and many other pertinent details seem impossible now to reconstruct. We must be content with discovering on page five of

[1] *The Letters of Charles Dickens*, edited by Walter Dexter (1938), *passim*.

[2] Walter T. Spencer wrote of one of the Gurney photographs of Dickens: ". . . it shows the most character of any likeness I have ever seen." *Forty Years in My Bookshop* (1923), p. 95. James Ollé testifies in his "Dickens and Dolby," *The Dickensian*, No. 324 (January, 1958), p. 33, that they were Dolby's favourites. One wonders how Dolby received Gurney's photographic studies of himself.

[3] Thomas Wright, *The Life of Charles Dickens* (New York, 1936), p. 328.

[4] There was a stronger feeling here than that normal to competitive enterprise. Long and bitter was the rivalry between the two houses. Robert Taft in his interesting volume, *Photography and the American Scene; A Social History*, 1839-1889 (New York, 1938) tells of their struggles to secure the exclusive photos of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales on his visit to the United States in 1860 and of Brady's probable rôle in the frustration of Gurney's efforts to recover exclusive photographic studies of President Lincoln lying in state in New York City which had been seized by agents of Secretary of War Stanton.

[5] James D. Horan, in *Mathew Brady, Historian with a Camera*, points out that "the usual inducement to sit for a carte-de-visite offered the famous or infamous was a small fee or a few copies of the proof." The numerous photographs inscribed by Dickens for his friends no doubt were gifts from Gurney, but beyond this one may doubt that the inducement was the *usual* one. Dickens was no less shrewd a business man than the Gurneys, *père et fils*.

the *New York Times* for Thursday, December 12th, 1867, the following advertisement:

> Charles Dickens in Photography by
> J. Gurney & Son, No. 707 Broadway,
> New York
>
> MESSRS. GURNEY & SON have the pleasure to announce to the literary world and the admirers of CHARLES DICKENS that they have secured the only photographic sittings that have or will be made of him during his visit to the United States, which the following letter will attest:
>
> [COPY]
>
> Westminster Hotel, New York, Dec. 10, 1867
>
> MY DEAR SIR: I can have no hesitation in complying with your request, that I will guarantee your various likenesses of CHARLES DICKENS to be the only portraits for which he has sat, or will sit, in the United States.
>
> I do this with the knowledge and sanction of Mr. DICKENS.
>
> Yours faithfully
> GEORGE DOLBY
>
> J. Gurney & Son, No. 707 Broadway, New York
>
> The pictures will be on exhibition in a few days.
> The trade supplied at the usual discount—Advertisement

The notice above, minus the line announcing an exhibition, was repeated on December 17th. Then, after the lapse of a week, on December 24th in the "Fine Arts" column of the *Times:*

> Portraits of Charles Dickens
>
> . . . In variety and finish, in artistic arrangement of light and shade, and in beauty of mechanical execution, the photographs of Mr. Dickens taken by Messrs. Gurney & Son are the best that we have seen. There are two imperial photographs, one representing him in a standing, the other in a sitting position and about a dozen smaller ones in which he appears in various positions, at his writing desk, standing with hat in hand, &c. From the set one can choose any view of his face, from profile to full front, and any size from the magnificent imperial to the carte-de-visite. As Mr. Dickens will sit for no other photographer in this country, these pictures of Messrs. Gurney & Son are the only photographs that represent him as he appears among us, and they have, therefore, a value as souvenirs of his visit, which belongs to no others.

Dickens and Dolby arrived in New York, coming in from Boston by train, on December 9th. That day or the next they spent at Gurney's. Surely they were met at the entrance of the "beautiful marble building—constructed expressly for a photographical gallery—130 feet deep, 25 feet wide—4 operating

I

II

II

IV

II Library of Congress
III Harvard
IV Author's collection

lights "[1] by Messrs. Benjamin and Jeremiah Gurney themselves. They would take more than usual pride in showing these two *customers* " their pictures, cases, etc." and in conducting them " to the main gallery, on the floor above " to see the medal from the French Palais d'Industrie and the Anthony Prize Cup.[2] If Dickens were curious about the rest of the establishment, perhaps comparing it with what he had seen at Mason's and Watkins' in London, he would discover on the second floor " a ladies dressing room, and operator's room with side lights and red lights " and on the third floor rooms " ordinarily devoted to the artists who finished the plates."[3]

The tour completed, the business of the sittings would commence.

> Dolby was taken to the " west light " where:
> . . . on a platform 9 feet by 8 feet is the artificial shrubbery, foliage, &c., of a dark grey tint; the headrest, &c. The platform is on castors, so it may be moved around at will, to suit the light. Then there is an abundance of the best lenses, double swing-back boxes, rustic fences, chairs, arbours, and other paraphernalia to make pictures.[4]
> Dickens was conducted to the " north west light " and to:
> . . . a movable platform 11 by 14 feet in size, and 12 inches high to which one of Wilson's headrests[5] is fastened permanently and to one end a background 6 feet by 5 feet. At the other end is a camera stand (also made fast) and box. The camera is *suited* for whole plate, imperial or cabinet, and card sizes by substituting different sized lenses. The subject is posed, and with great facility moved about under the light until the best arrangement is secured. This can be done after the pose and focus are adjusted, too, and several effects got on the same, plate.[6]

II

Jeremiah Gurney, one of the early pioneers of Photography had been a jeweller in Saratoga Springs, New York. But one day a stranger entered his shop to trade a Daguerrean Camera for a watch. Gurney became intrigued with the apparatus and engaged to take lessons in the new art (probably from John Plumbe or Samuel F. B. Morse).[7] In 1837 he moved to New York City and

[1] *The American Journal of Photography and the Allied Arts and Sciences* (New York), Vol. 1, No. 13 (December 1st, 1858), " Mr. Gurney's New Gallery—The Inauguration," p. 209.
[2] *Ibid.* (December 15th, 1858), pp. 224-225.
[3] *Idem.*
[4] *The Photographic News* (London) (May 6th, 1870), p. 208. Although a description of the equipment at the Fifth Avenue studio it must represent essentially that at 707 Broadway.
[5] For the Dickens sitting Sarony's head rest was probably used. In March of 1867 the Gurneys had allowed Edward L. Wilson, Editor of *The Philadelphia Photographer*, to test the Sarony in their rooms alongside the " old fashioned " apparatus. Wilson concluded: " With Mr. Sarony's machine you may feel so at ease as to forget you are having a picture taken. Instead of an expression of constraint and nervous fear and a repetition of nose and eyes; per consequence, you shall assume a natural and pleasing air of comfort and grace." Hmm!
[6] *The Photographic News, op. cit.*, p. 208.
[7] Robert Taft, *op. cit.*, pp. 61-62. George W. Hows identifies the stranger as " an Englishman named Shaw " and further states that "As far back as 1839 Daguerre, Professor Morse and I. (*sic.*) Gurney experimented on the discovery of Daguerre on the roof of the university building, the 'Chrysalis Hall' of Winthrop's delicious novel, *Cecil Dreesne*." But according to Hows, Gurney did not remove from Saratoga Springs before 1839! *The Star* (New York, Sunday, November 6th, 1887), p. 9.

V

VI

VII

VIII

V-VI Dickens House
VII-VIII Library of Congress

set up as a watchmaker at Number 60 Chatham Street,[1] intending to keep daguerreotypes as a sideline. This was not to be for, although he restricted his advertising to four samples in one of his showcase windows, he soon had so many sitters he had to give up jewelry.[2] By 1843 he is listed: GURNEY, JEREMIAH, daguerreotypes, daguerreian, 189 Broadway.[3] This was the beginning of his march up fashionable Broadway.[4]

In 1853 Gurney made his former pupil, Charles D. Fredericks, a partner. Fredericks had picked up in Paris knowledge of the new collodian process so the new partners enjoyed some months' start on Brady and Lawrence, their chief rivals, in the paper process.[5] They foresaw that the day of the daguerreotype was over and turned unhesitatingly to the glass negative and paper print. In 1855 Fredericks broke away to open his own Gallery at 585 Broadway.[6]

In 1859 Jeremiah moved farther up Broadway to Number 707 and the next year we find " J. Gurney & Son " freshly painted over the entrance to his " photographic and fine art gallery."[7] Here Jeremiah and his son, Benjamin, remained until April, 1869. But from 1861 to 1869 they continually grew in stature. *The Philadelphia Photographer* sings their praises loud and often; it cites their work as " pre-eminent in New York "[8] and " sigh(s) for the day when we should *all* secure such results."[9] *The Photographic News* of London pays its tribute. Dickens might have read:

> . . . The best of everything is furnished to the employees in instruments, apparatus and materials . . . The establishment is conducted by gentlemen with ability to direct, and character to harmonise every feature of the business with a liberal appreciation of what each employee is worth, and give sufficient encouragement to all to cause him or her to do their best.

Immeasurable prestige came to the Gurneys from their unqualified success with the new Cabinet-size photograph—originally a British innovation—destined to supersede the carte-de-visite, and introduced in the United States in the autumn of 1866.[10] The Gurneys ordered seven thousand cabinet-size mounting boards; by May 1867 their stock was nearly exhausted.[11] They made the new size popular in America, ". . . Their beautiful pictures of public characters are scattered over the land broadcast."[12]

1 *The New York City Directory*, 1837-38.
2 Robert Taft, *op. cit.*, p. 62.
3 *The New York City Directory*, 1843-44.
4 Gurney moved up to 205, then to 349 (Mathew Brady was at 359 and Martin M. Lawrence at 381. Beaumont Newhall, "The Broadway Daguerrian Galleries," *Image, Journal of Photography and Motion Pictures of The George Eastman House*, Vol. 5, No. 2 (February 1956), pp. 27-28.
5 *Ibid.* p. 36.
6 *Idem.*
7 *The New York City Directory*, 1859-60, 1860-61.
8 *The Philadelphia Photographer*, V (January 1868), p. 31.
9 *Ibid* (March 1868), p. 100.
10 Robert Taft, *op. cit.*, p. 323. The mounting card for the cabinet size measures 4¼ in. × 6½ in., the print 4 in. × 5¼ in. The mounting card for the carte-de-visite measures 2⅜ in. × 4¼ in., the print 2½ in. × 4 in. Unreliable Mr. Hows (see footnote 7, p. 3) credits Ben with invention of the American cabinet, which he dubbed the " Imperial," from an enlargement of the carte-de-visite to feature a portrait of Admiral Farragut.
11 *The Philadelphia Photographer*, IV (May 1867), 160.
12 *Ibid*, VI (March 1869), 96.

IX, X, XI, XII Library of Congress

III

While swearing that he would never sit again for a photographer Dickens declared, when the photographs were submitted to him, that they were the best that had ever been done of him.[1] And it is not surprising that the best of these are of the cabinet size. One (XIII) seems to have been a particular favourite of his.[2]

It is impossible now perhaps to determine how many poses were taken.[3] From the evidence collected (of which only representative selections can be reproduced here) it would appear that most of the poses were published in both cabinet and carte-de-visite sizes. The actual photographer is unknown but, as there is no record of either of the Gurneys being incapacitated (as was their rival Brady)[4] one of them, probably Ben.[5] may have done the work.

The pictures, the reader must notice, vary somewhat in quality yet each has touches in posing and draping which are peculiar to Gurney studies. There is a certain *élan*, a spirit that is exclusive. This may not be immediately apparent to the modern eye, but if one will compare the Gurneys with the work of contemporaries there is a marked superiority of feeling difficult to define but real enough. IX and X have almost a candid quality about them. VIII I consider very striking, only rivalled by IV. (A beautiful Imperial of V hangs in the Dickens Room, The Parker House, Boston, Massachusetts.)

IV

A few days after the sitting, on December 14th, 1867, four photographs were entered by the firm in the Clerk's Office of the Southern District of New York and the "work deposited" the same day.[6] Although they were probably ready for the Christmas market the first notice I have been able to discover appeared in *Harper's Weekly* for January 4th, 1868:

> . . . The pictures published are of three sizes—25 c, 50 c, and $3, sent per mail, postpaid, on receipt of price. The trade supplied at the usual discount.

The photographs were immediately popular and for many years enjoyed a steady sale (there was probably a sharp spurt in sales June-July 1870 with the news of Dickens's death). A beautiful Gurney Dickens was circulated by J. H. Goldsmid, Union Square, corner of 15th Street, New York.[7] Engravings after the Gurneys

[1] Frederick G. Kitton, *Charles Dickens by Pen and Pencil*, (1890) I, 83.

[2] One is inscribed for his friend, Mrs. Ticknor. See Caroline Ticknor, *Glimpses of Authors* (Boston, 1922), facing p. 2; another is inscribed for Captain James M. Dolliver. See my article "Dickens, Dolby and Dolliver," *The Dickensian*, No. 323 (September 1957), p. 158.

[3] The list given by Kitton (N. Supplement Catalogue of the Portraits of Charles Dickens, *Charles Dickens by Pen and Pencil*) is not complete. He lists only six poses. Kitton appears to have been in touch with Rockwood, the successor to Gurney, and it is unfortunate that he was not able to procure a complete inventory. It is impossible now to trace either the Gurney plates or the firm records.

[4] By 1851 Brady's eyesight was failing. Beaumont Newhall, *op. cit.*, p. 29.

[5] Benjamin Gurney appears to have been a vigorous enthusiast and a shrewd businessman. In 1860 he had spent a great deal of time in Washington working for the repeal of the tax on photographs. He was a delegate and a member of the Business Committee of the National Photographic Convention (April 1868) leading the fight against the bromide process patent. Mathew Brady was a member of the Committee on Permanent Organisation. *The Philadelphia Photographer*, V (April 1868) Supplement, 135-140.

[6] Volume 222, pp. 379-382.

[7] See photograph V.

George Dolby

photograph by Gurney, New York
from the collection of the Author

became popular: H. B. Hall's Sons, New York, put out a handsome specimen[1] and the famous Armytage engraving is after a Gurney.[2] American paintings of Dickens by Michael Brown and William Berksdale Meyers were not painted from life, as has often been advertised, but are after the Gurneys.

Among the more curious items are the generally not over friendly caricatures of Dickens *à la Gurney*. "The British Lion in America," which appeared in the comic paper *The American*

XIII

XIII Massachusetts Historical Society
XIV Harvard

Joker (1868) and "Charles Dickens and the Honest Little Boy," which appeared in *The Evening Telegram* (New York, 1868), both attributed to Thomas Nast of *Harper's Weekly*, are typical.[3]

As a final testimony of their excellence, nearly every significant illustrated biography has included a Gurney Dickens.

The subsequent history of J. Gurney & Son may be summed up

[1] In the author's collection of Dickens portraits.

[2] Frederick Kitton, *op. cit.*, p. 83. "This was selected by Forster as a frontispiece to the third volume of his *Life*, for which it was engraved on steel by J. C. Armytage; but though beautifully executed as an engraving, a careful comparison with the photograph discloses rather a serious discrepancy in the treatment of the forehead, to which is given more prominence than is apparent in the original."

[3] William Glyde Wilkins (and B. W. Matz), *Dickens in Cartoon and Caricature* (Boston, 1924), pp. 113-114. Matz noted that "The artists evidently had before them the well-known photograph by Gurney, showing Dickens in his dressing gown standing by a table, for they are obviously extravagant exaggerations of that picture." This may be, but it has not been possible to trace the "picture" from which the artists copied. It is just possible that Thomas Nast might have sketched this attitude from life (taking the costume from a Gurney). He was a guest at the farewell dinner at Delmonico's, and during the evening would have ample opportunity to observe the subject.

briefly:[1] In 1869 the firm moved from 707 Broadway to 108 Fifth Avenue but retained their studio at 185 Sixth Avenue until the following year. In 1874 Benjamin officially succeeded his father as head and the next year they apparently split. Jeremiah retained a studio at 889 Broadway until 1877 but in 1885 is listed at 770 Broadway. Benjamin moves in 1876 to 17 Union Square and from 1879 to 1896 is found at 37 Union Square West. Jeremiah is last listed in 1891 and Benjamin last appears in the 1896 Directory.

The Gurneys' apogee was realised at about the time that Dickens sat for them and, although he was but one of many very famous personages who gave them patronage,[2] it is for their studies of him that Clio, the muse of History, nods her head in recognition now.

[1] For the subsequent history of J. Gurney & Son the author is especially indebted to the staff of the American History Division of the New York Public Library.
[2] Mark Twain, General Grant and Jenny Lind were among the sitters.

THE THEATRICAL TERNANS

By Malcolm Morley

Part III

FRANCES ELEANOR TERNAN was in London with her three daughters in the autumn of 1849. She had been engaged by James Anderson for Drury Lane together with a number of other prominent actresses, all leading ladies in their own right; Mrs. Nisbett, Fanny Vining and Charlotte Vandenhoff. Anderson, late *jeune premier* with Macready, had rashly rented the theatre where the latter, the eminent Macready himself, had been defeated. Like many another before him his hopes ran high. He was a virile player of commanding presence, possessed of an agreeable voice but missing, it would seem, the imaginative and dynamic qualities that are essential to a great actor. Mrs. Ternan, breadwinner for her family, was glad to have a lucrative engagement in London. And the lure of the Lane was there, the playhouse that had lost fortunes for committees and absorbed the savings of several actor-managers. It was intended that her girls, the age of childhood passed, should make the stage their career and London was decidedly the best place for them to be launched as grown up actresses.

On the first evening of January, 1850, Frances Eleanor acted Helen in *Rob Roy*. Later in the month she was Emelia to the Othello of Anderson who described her as dashing and handsome in the rôle. On February 4th she was Julia in an English version of Schiller's *Fiesco*, a title afterwards changed to *The Republican Duke* because journalistic wits persisted in labelling the play *Fiasco*, a cheap and unfair description of an impressive work. During the month Maria, the second girl, made two appearances as Little Pickle in *The Spoiled Child* at the theatre

where her mother was acting. Mrs. Ternan's other parts during the first season with Anderson were Calpurnia in *Julius Caesar*, Mrs. Candour in *The School for Scandal*, Mrs. Lindenberg in *The Slave*, Meg Merrilies in *Guy Mannering* and, again, Gertrude in *Hamlet*. Most of these characters she repeated the following season when she was also seen as Mrs. Simpson in John Poole's *Simpson and Co.*

A new comedy, *The Old Love and the New* by Robert Sullivan, on January 16th, 1851, consisted largely of smart talk and suppressed sentiment. Mrs. Ternan played Miss Trimmer, called an old maid though the character was not the figure of fun so generally portrayed in contemporary plays. A gentle and reasoning woman, Miss Trimmer meets her early love after thirty years to find he has completely forgotten her existence and is under the spell of a girl young enough to be his daughter. During the course of the regulation five acts, she wins him back and *en route* befriends everybody in sight. Anderson in his book *An Actor's Life* tells of the troubles arising from *The Old Love and the New*. There was only a verbal understanding between him and the author on the matter of fees. When the comedy which was helping sadly to deplete the exchequer was taken off, the latter sued him for an amount considerably more than what had been agreed between them. The result was that Anderson, at the suit of Sullivan, spent a day in Sloman's sponging house in Cursitor Street. More was to ensue. Money had been steadily lost at Drury Lane and his tenure came to an end two years earlier than had been stipulated when he rented the establishment. Anderson went to a debtor's prison, was adjudged insolvent and declared a bankrupt. Drury Lane, later in the year, reverted to the never daunted Alfred Bunn.

Frances Eleanor, feeling for the indignities suffered by Anderson and disturbed at the turn of events, was still determined to remain in London. In the summer of 1852 she was asked to join Samuel Phelps at Sadler's Wells where he was giving Shakespeare and the classic drama. Since the retirement of Macready the year before, Phelps and Charles Kean were the most prominent of English actor-managers and between them was inevitable rivalry. Kean at the Princess's mounted productions on a lavish scale, correct in detail and architecturally adorned. Phelps, by all accounts the better actor, cared less for the staging at Sadler's Wells than for plain histrionics. For seventeen years at this outlying playhouse a standard of acting was maintained that gave it an importance equal to any in more central London. During his management of the Wells, Phelps gave all but three of Shakespeare's plays, a record only surpassed by the Old Vic much later. In addition he produced a large number of established classics as well as introducing many new verse dramas. And there were no subsidies for Phelps. He and Thomas Greenwood, the proprietor of the theatre, provided the finance themselves.

The policy at the Wells fitted both the temperament and talent of Mrs. Ternan. Poetic drama was uppermost there and enterprise walked with tradition. Her opening part on September 1st was the Countess of Rousillon in *All's Well that Ends Well*; Phelps

was the Parolles. Frances Eleanor at fifty had no vish to play the youthful heroines as many of her contemporaries were doing. The mature actress had poise, distinction and a delightedly modulated voice. Her line of business, using the theatrical term of the time, was aristocratic old ladies; though, be it said, it was a line to which she was not wholly confined. During that first season at the theatre she acted Goneril in *King Lear*, Lady Frugal in Massenger's *The City Madam*, Emelia in *Othello*, Mrs. Hargrave in *The Cavalier* by Charles Whitehead, Gertrude in *Hamlet* and Emma in *William Tell*. She was invited to return the following season which began on August 27th, 1853, when she acted Lady Macbeth to Phelps's Macbeth. It was a busy time for Frances Eleanor. Several of last season's roles were repeated and, in addition, she appeared as Servia in *Virginius*, Elvira in Colley Cibber's *Love Makes a Man* and Lady Allworth in *A New Way to Pay Old Debts*. *The Stranger* saw her no longer as the unhappy Mrs. Haller but as the gracious Countess Wintersen.

Perhaps this period held a greater measure of comfort and peace of mind for Frances Eleanor than the stormy years that had preceded it. She had her own establishment in London; her three daughters were with her, no longer child actresses but interesting and well-informed young women. Home life was in the ascendant. Fanny, eldest of the girls, was regarded as the most gifted. She acted, danced, wrote poetry and prose, sang and composed music. Clever was invariably the adjective applied to her. Maria, considered more entertaining, bubbled over with high spirits. Her humour was contagious and her mimicries of the characteristics and pomposities of the people she met in the daily round were a source of continual amusement in the family circle. Ellen, the youngest, lacked the assurance of her sisters. She was more sensitive, more reserved. Possessed of sympathy and understanding, the girl responded freely to the joys and sorrows of others. She listened while her sisters talked. Fanny and Maria found in her a ready admirer of the various talents they paraded.

Childhood was over and all three of the young women were to appear, fully fledged, before a London public. Fanny, with her shifting accomplishments, gave preference to music and made her debut on November 2nd, 1853, as an adult singer at Exeter Hall where concerts were given every Wednesday. Newcomers shared the platform with celebrities; the concerts were representative of the best in the singing world of London. She was eighteen and sang with freshness and feeling, her high soprano voice being heard to advantage in Arne's "Where the Bee Sucks", a song with which she must have been familiar from its Shakespearean setting. After her performance that evening a critic wrote that she was "destined to be one of our first native singers." Several appearances at Exeter Hall followed and engagements at concerts came along but Fanny was conscious of missing something. It was the feel of the theatre. Opera was the medium in which she hoped to express herself better.

Maria was to join Charles Kean early in 1854 at the fashionable Princess's Theatre where she was to stay for three years. At first she played only small parts, the Prince of Wales in *Richard III*,

Berthe in Dion Boucicault's version of *Faust and Marguerite* and, on June 26th, 1854, the Postmaster's Daughter in the original production of Charles Reade's adaptation *The Courier of Lyons*. The drama, founded on an actual case of mistaken identity, was to prove long popular on the stage. As *The Lyons Mail* it served Henry Irving, his son H. B. Irving, Martin Harvey and Bransby Williams. The young actress next played Barbara in the turgid tragedy of *The Iron Chest*, and on January 31st, 1855, advanced a step with Jessica in *The Merchant of Venice*. A delightful little costume comedy *A Game of Romps* by J. Maddison Morton, on March 12th, gave Maria an opportunity of displaying her high spirits as the playful Violet, on whose behalf a boisterous game is arranged in order to bring about a proposal from the shy and confused Julian. Other comedy parts created by Maria at the Princess's were Carlotta in *A Prince for an Hour*, by the same prolific Morton and Lucille in *Music hath Charms*, by the actor David Fisher. She also acted Cecile in a revival of Charles Dance's *A Wonderful Woman*. These light-weight pieces generally preceded the main attraction which would be Shakespeare or drama. Sometimes they ended the evening as the after-piece.

Meantime Fanny had joined the company at the Olympic. Her mind was set on opera—Grand Opera—and it pleased her when Alfred Wigan, the manager, engaged her not only for her acting ability but for her singing voice. The first part she played was Julia in a revival on April 30th, 1855, of Mrs. J. R. Planche's *The Welsh Girl*, in which she had to sing three artless songs appropriate to the text. The great attraction at the Olympic was Frederick Robson, the little comedian who blended true passion with forceful, but not forced, humour. In *Tit for Tat*, a two-act comedy by Francis Talfourd, he gave an exhibition of jealous rage that was intensely real yet absurdly amusing. Francis (mostly known as Frank) was the son of Thomas Noon Talfourd, author of *Ion*, so often played by the elder Ternans in the past. Fanny took over the part of Rose in *Tit for Tat* on May 7th. In *The Garrick Fever* on June 11th she was Polly Hardup and in *Poor Pillicoddy*, she was Sarah Blunt on the 22nd of the month. Shortly afterwards the theatre closed for its usual summer vacation.

When the Olympic resumed operations in the autumn it would appear that Maria was acting there. Her name was on the bill as playing Susan Spanker in *A Blighted Being* the afterpiece on October 22nd. The Princess's, however, having been shut for several weeks, reopened that very evening and the bill of the night recorded Maria as being in the concluding item at that house, *A Game of Romps*. She could not have been in both places at the same time. It may well be presumed that Miss Marston was the actress who played in *A Blighted Being* at the Olympic on October 22nd. After the first three performances of the piece her name was to be placed against Susan Spanker and no more mention made of Maria. Probably there had been a misunderstanding somewhere and no time to change the billing.

Fanny, herself, was definitely back at the Olympic on October 25th when she played Mrs. Benson in *To Oblige Benson*, another farce, which allowed Robson to indulge in frenzied fits of intense

jealousy, comic in the context but moving in performance. Mrs. Benson was a looking-on part, one that gave small scope for Fanny's talent. There was not even a song for her. Was she being purposely thwarted? Mrs. Benson was the only character in which she was seen at the Olympic until the Christmas holiday period. Then came a more satisfying rôle in a new extravaganza by J. R. Planché, *The Discreet Princess*, produced on Boxing Day, December 26th. She was Princess Babillarda and shared musical honours with the popular Julia St. George. Both had solos and participated in ensembles patterned in a mock operatic manner. One of Fanny's numbers was an aria, with recitative and cadenzas, taken from Auber's opera *The Black Domino*, the accompanying lyric being changed to accord with Planche's fairy tale plot.

Mrs. Ternan by now had left Sadler's Wells and joined Charles Kean at the Princess's where she appeared as Madame Sevillia dei Franchi in *The Corsican Brothers* on December 29th, 1855. The following January 9th she was Gertrude once more to Kean's Hamlet as she had been seventeen years earlier at Drury Lane. At the Princess's the unquestioned leading lady was Mrs. Charles Kean, the manager's wife, though on a few occasions she and Frances Eleanor replaced each other in certain characters. Mrs. Ternan was Paulina in *The Winter's Tale* revived in a big spectacular way on April 28th, 1856, a date to be remembered in theatrical history. Leontes was played by Charles Kean, Hermione by Mrs. Kean and the child Mamilius by Ellen Terry, a little girl making her first appearance on the stage. Mamilius was the part two of the Ternan girls had previously portrayed in country playhouses. When that little girl at the Princess's had blossomed into a young woman, an acclaimed actress, she was in looks and manner not unlike the older Ellen Ternan. In fact there were times when one was mistaken for the other. Ellen Ternan herself told of an occasion when she was stopped in Oxford Street by a stage celebrity who insisted, despite her denials, that he was speaking to Ellen Terry.

The Winter's Tale proved very successful and was given for one hundred and two performances, a considerable run in those days. It may well have been that Dickens witnessed the production. He was in London the greater part of the time it was showing and, as an ardent playgoer, he is not likely to have missed such an important theatrical event. If, indeed, he visited *The Winter's Tale*, he would have seen not only Ellen Terry and Mrs. Ternan but Maria who was also in the play, labelled on the bill—a Lady.

To return to Fanny at the Olympic where she was to remain until the end of another season. Her imitative operatic rôle in *The Discreet Princess* was followed by a succession of subsidiary parts in subsidiary plays. There was Mrs. Bromley in *Perfection*, Mrs. Lauriston in *Stay at Home*, a new and feeble farce by George Henry Lewes on February 11th, and Bridget in *The Tragedy Queen* on May 26th in which Mrs. Stirling acted the actress Mrs. Bracegirdle and indulged in a number of lengthy speeches taken from various old time tragedies. Fanny was happier as Orpheus in Robert Brough's burlesque *Medea; or, The Best of Mothers with*

a Brute of a Husband on July 14th where she had something to sing. In this travesty Robson was said to have wildly mingled the terrible and the grotesque in a startling impression of the Italian tragedienne Ristori, who was then acting Medea in London. Fanny was next seen as Luise (with song) in *The Green Eyed Monster*, on July 16th and Kitty in *Shocking Events*, on August 18th, negligible characters both. And so the season ended.

In the autumn Fanny was engaged at the Princess's to play Oberon in *The Midsummer Night's Dream*, opening on October 15th, 1856. She found compensation here to set against the discouragements at the Olympic. Oberon had poetry and there was the music of Mendelssohn used in the production. Bottom was played by John Pritt Harley, comedian friend of Dickens; and Puck by Ellen Terry "grown gawky", as she wrote of herself. It was one of Kean's most lavish revivals and ran without a break for five months. Mrs. Ternan and Maria were still attached to the theatre though neither of them figured on the bill of *The Dream*.

The next Shakespearean production at the Princess's, a larger than ever production ,was *Richard II* on March 12th, 1857, with Charles Kean as the unfortunate monarch, Mrs. Kean as his Queen and Mrs. Ternan as the Duchess of Gloster, the last part she was to play at the theatre. For three years Frances Eleanor had been a useful and willing member of Kean's company, gracefully waving good-bye to the stardom of former years. Her daughters were past the age of infant wonders and each was finding a place for herself in the entertainment world. Fanny, it is true, was unsettled; doing something well but for ever wanting to do something else, wanting above all to be an operatic *diva*. Maria, established as a comedienne, was enjoying her stage work and life in general. Ellen was being prepared and heralded for what may be regarded as her London debut. She may previously have walked on at the Princess's where her mother and sisters were so often acting; she may have been a nameless and unrecorded character, patrician or plebian, noble lady or humble citizen in one of the massive spectacles, swelling the crowd, swayed this way and that by the action of the drama. But Ellen's first definite rôle in town was Hippomenes in *Atalanta*, an extravaganza by Frank Talfourd, on April 13th, 1857, at the Haymarket under the management of John Baldwin Buckstone. She had just turned eighteen.

The familiar story from Greek mythology served as a basis for a comic diversion with rhymed doggerel, songs, puns and topical allusions. Atalanta challenges her suitors to outstrip her in a foot race. The young Prince Hippomenes wins by dropping three golden apples in her path; stooping to pick them up she loses the race. Ellen, in male attire, was something of the "principal boy" of pantomime, although that term was not then in use. In addition to joining in concerted pieces she had solo numbers with words adapted to the tunes of "Pull Away Cheerily" and "Ben Bolt". Plague of his tutor Pardagogos, the Prince had a habit of parodying Shakespeare, misquoting from *Hamlet* and *Romeo and Juliet*. A twisted couplet declaimed by him ran:

"She speaks, yet nothing says! She's not to blame,
Members of Parliament do much the same."

Pardagogos was represented by the dryly quizzical Henry Compton, Atalanta by Patty Oliver and Cupid by Marie Wilton. Overleaf is a drawing of a scene from the burlesque in a contemporary issue of the *Illustrated London News*. The central figure is intended for Marie Wilton and not Ellen Ternan as has often been assumed. It is true Ellen had in the past played Cupid but that was in Dublin nine years before in a fantasy *Life in the Clouds; or, Paddy O'Flynn's Trip to the Moon* written by the Irish comedian D. Lennard as vehicle for his fooleries. Ellen might have carried a bow and arrow then but not in the Haymarket production of *Atalanta*.

A story related by Thomas Wright in his *Life of Dickens*, though where he obtained it is not stated, tells of the novelist being behind the scenes at the Haymarket pending a performance of *Atalanta* and finding Ellen in tears because of her costume which she deemed insufficient. Judged by present standards the dress would be anything but scanty. Other days, other ways. Wearing the abbreviated costume would have been no ordeal to her sisters: Ellen, however, was the least theatrical of the Ternans and shrank, all her life, from the publicity of the stage. Those tears might well have been caused by nerves and the anxiety she felt at appearing for the first time in an important part before a London audience. The great interest of Dickens in the theatre, in acting and the drama, led to his acquaintance with most of the prominent stage people. His visit behind the scenes, one may be sure, would have been by the invitation of Buckstone, lessee of the theatre. If credence be given to Wright's story this encounter was, in all probability, the first meeting of Dickens with Ellen Ternan, a meeting that led to an enduring friendship with her family.

Atalanta ran for seventy-four nights, ending on July 7th, during which time Ellen never missed a performance. It was the only part she played throughout her first spell at the Haymarket. Later in the summer, when a few additional performances of *Atalanta* were given, Miss Lavine replaced her as Hippomenes.

Mrs. Ternan, Maria and Ellen were all disengaged at the same time. The moment was opportune and Dickens asked them to play as paid professionals in *The Frozen Deep*, the Wilkie Collins drama he had arranged to present with his amateur group (the Glorious Strollers) at the Free Trade Hall in Manchester on August 21st, 1857, and the following night. Originally seen at the private theatre in Tavistock House on Twelfth Night of that year, the ladies' parts had been taken by members of Dickens's household. Mrs. Ternan was now enrolled as Nurse Esther in place of Mrs. Wills; Maria was engaged for Clara Burnham and Ellen for Lucy Crayford, the parts originally portrayed by Mary Dickens and Georgina Hogarth. (See Frontispiece).

Dickens, as previously, played the intense Richard Wardour seeking revenge against the man who has won the love of Clara Burnham with whom he is himself enamoured. In the drama it is thought that Wardour has made away with Frank Aldersley when the two were together in the Arctic snows. The women waiting in a cave on the Newfoundland coast listen to the predictions of evil by Nurse Esther. The would-be murderer arrives, wounded

Scene from *Atalanta*, Haymarket Theatre, 1857

(*Illustrated London News*)

and in rags. His better nature has prevented him from harming the exhausted and helpless Aldersley. In saving his rival from the rigour of the frozen deep he was to find his own death. Wardour, an acting part dear to the heart of Dickens, proved to be his final appearance in a play. The performances at Manchester were for the Benefit of the widow of the recently deceased Douglas Jerrold. Their success was attested by the presence of three thousand spectators on the Saturday evening which was to have been the last. To meet the demand for seats an extra performance was given on Monday, the 24th, making three representations in all of *The Frozen Deep* in Manchester. (See playbill on the next page).

Maria's acting in the drama greatly impressed Dickens. Writing about her performance to Mrs. Coutts (September 5th, 1857) he said:

> "At night when she came out of the cave and Wardour recognised her, I never saw anything like the distress and agitation of her face—a very good little pale face, with large black eyes—it had a natural emotion in it (though it was turned away from the audience) which was quite a study of expression. But when she had to kneel over Wardour dying, and be taken leave of, the tears streamed out of her eyes into his mouth, down his beard, all over his rags, down his arms as he held her by the hair. At the same time she sobbed as if she were breaking her heart, and was quite convulsed with grief. It was no use for the compassionate Wardour to whisper, ' My dear child, it will be over in two minutes—there is nothing the matter—don't be so distressed ! ' She could only sob out, ' Oh ! it's so sad, Oh ! it's so sad,' and set Mr. Lemon (the softest-hearted of men) crying too. By the time the curtain fell, we were all crying together, and then her mother and sister used to come and put her in a chair and comfort her, before taking her away to be dressed for the Farce."

The farce was Buckstone's *Uncle John* in which the women's parts were played by the Ternans; Mrs. Comfort by Frances Eleanor, Mrs. Hawk by Maria and Eliza by Ellen. Dickens was Uncle John, a part he had asked Frank Stone to take because he, Dickens, had such " a plateful " with *The Frozen Deep* and management. Stone agreed to do so but when it was represented to Dickens that the house was sold out, and that offence might be taken by the Mancunians at him giving up a part for which he was announced, he decided to take the rôle himself after all. Uncle John is a dominating old man who plans to marry the rather complacent Eliza Comfort but, discovering the girl's real affinity is the young drawing master, Mr. Easel, he weds her mother instead.

The Manchester adventure over, Dickens returned to Gad's Hill. A fortnight later, in company with Wilkie Collins, he set out for the anything but " idle " tour. The Ternans went to Doncaster, their old stamping ground, where the theatre was reopening the next month.

(To be continued.)

IN REMEMBRANCE OF THE LATE MR. DOUGLAS JERROLD.

FREE TRADE HALL.

UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF MR. CHARLES DICKENS.

ON MONDAY EVENING, AUG. 24th, 1857,

AT SEVEN O'CLOCK EXACTLY.

(By ten minutes before which time the whole audience is respectfully and particularly requested to be seated),

Will be presented an entirely New Romantic Drama, in Three Acts, by

MR. WILKIE COLLINS,

CALLED

THE FROZEN DEEP.

The Overture composed expressly for this Piece by Mr. FRANCESCO BERGER, who will conduct the Orchestra.

The Dresses by Messrs. Nathan, *of Tottenham-court, Haymarket, and* Miss Wilkins, *of Cerburton-street, Fitzroy Square. Perruquier:* Mr. Wilson, *of the Strand.*

Captain Ermonth ...	(*of the "Sea Mew"*) ...	Mr. EDWARD PIGOTT.
Captain Helding ...	(*of the "Wanderer"*) ...	Mr. ALFRED DICKENS.
Lieutenant Crayford		Mr. MARK LEMON.
Frank Aldersley		Mr. WILKIE COLLINS.
Richard Wardour		Mr. CHARLES DICKENS.
Lieutenant Stevenson		Mr. YOUNG CHARLES.
John Want ... ... (*Ship's Cook*) ...		Mr. AUGUSTUS EGG.
Hatton ... (*Two of the "Sea-Mew's" people*) ...		Mr. SHIRLEY BROOKS.
Danker ...		Mr. CHARLES COLLINS.

(Officers and Crews of the "Sea-Mew" and "Wanderer.")

Mrs. Steveston	Mrs. GEORGE VINING.
Rose Ermonth	Miss ELLEN SABINE.
Lucy Crayford	Miss ELLEN TERNAN.
Clara Burnham	Miss MARIA TERNAN.
Nurse Esther	Mrs. TERNAN.
Maid	Miss MEWTE.

The Scenery and Scenic Effects of the First Act, by Mr. TELBIN.
The Scenery and Scenic Effects of the Second and Third Acts, by Mr. STANFIELD, R.A., assisted by Mr. CUTHBERT.

At the end of the Play, a Quarter of an Hour's interval for Refreshments.

To conclude with Mr. Buckstone's Farce,

UNCLE JOHN.

Nephew Hawk	Mr. WILKIE COLLINS.
Edward Easel	Mr. LUARD.
Uncle John	Mr. CHARLES DICKENS.
Friend Thomas	Mr. MARK LEMON.
Andrew	Mr. YOUNG CHARLES.
Niece Hawk	Miss MARIA TERNAN.
Eliza	Miss ELLEN TERNAN.
Mrs. Comfort	Mrs. TERNAN.

Terminating with a Dance by the Characters.

On THIS LAST REPRESENTATION taking place, WITH THE VERY LIBERAL CONCURRENCE OF THE FREE TRADE HALL PROPRIETARY, in consequence of the overflows to the two previous performances, and with a careful view to the convenience of a large portion of the Manchester public: the PRICES OF ADMISSION are adjusted as follows:

Stalls (numbered and reserved), 10s. Private Box Seats, Reserved, 5s.
Galleries and Centre of Hall, 2s. 6d.

AREA OF HALL, ONE SHILLING.

Signed, on behalf of the London Committee,
CHARLES DICKENS, Chairman.
ARTHUR SMITH, Honorary Secretary.

The Office for the Sale of Tickets will be open at the Free Trade Hall, all day on Monday, from 10 a.m. until 5 p.m.

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THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP
52nd ANNUAL CONFERENCE

AT NOTTINGHAM

AS the years go by it is gratifying to find that Annual Conference firmly retains its hold upon members and branches, for it is beyond question that the Fellowship derives much of its continued strength from these useful and enjoyable gatherings. This year we met at the invitation of the Nottingham Branch, in their cheerful and prosperous city, at Whitsuntide, when nearly twenty branches were represented by more than 150 members, including several in Australia, New Zealand, the United States and Holland. Proceedings began on the Friday evening with a reception by the Lord Mayor, Alderman J. Littlefair, and the Lady Mayoress, in the noble Council House of the city. Later, the members gathered in a hall at the Mechanics Institute, a building that was once the scene of Dickens's famous Readings.

THE BUSINESS MEETING

The Annual Business Meeting was opened the following morning in the Queen's Hall by the Sheriff of Nottingham, Councillor F. W. Wootton, who extended a welcome to the visitors from the Lord Mayor and citizens of Nottingham, to which the Chairman, Miss C. Stuart Bunning, Chairman of the Council of the Fellowship, responded, voicing the thanks of everyone for the hospitality so generously extended to the Fellowship. Then followed the

CHAIRMAN'S ADDRESS

" Welcome, fellow members, to the Fifty-second Annual Conference, and I am sure you all appreciate the privilege of spending the weekend in this flourishing city. I am particularly happy that my year of office has coincided with the Nottingham Conference; my family came from the Midlands, and we had associations with Nottingham as we once owned the Beeston Brewery, now Shipstone's, and I hope they still make good beer. Also, a relative of mine helped one of its most famous citizens, Jesse Boot, when few people believed in him and his enterprises.

At an Annual Conference, when we are all met together, it is fitting that we should remind ourselves of our aims and objects; to refresh our memories I now propose to read them."

After doing so, the Chairman resumed:

" One of the meanings of fellowship is partnership, and we cannot be real partners unless we take part in all the activities, business and pleasure; members should see that the right people are appointed as officers and to serve on committee, the committee should see that a representative goes to Council Meetings and brings back a report of proceedings; only in this way can members take an active part in the Fellowship and bring matters for discussion to the Conference. Attendance at Council Meetings has been very disappointing recently, and we should like branches who do not attend to give their reasons.

Mercifully, most of the social evils which existed in Dickens's time have disappeared, but there is still much to do, as each decade brings its own problems. We all know our local needs and charities. The word charity brings me to the love of humanity, for the true meaning of the word is universal love; there is one way in which we can all achieve this object. There are in any literary society a few who join because they are lonely, perhaps their knowledge of the author's work is not very profound; but few of us could pass a test in Dickens, which I understand is compulsory in Holland. Let us draw these members into true fellowship, and, who knows, others may be encouraged to join. Let us emulate our Dutch friends and kiss them on both cheeks and not just on one.

Conference is the time for branches to get to know one another, so do mix well and not just stay with those we can meet at any time; above all get to know our overseas members and kill for ever that notion, for it is only a notion, that the British are unfriendly.

I end with the hope that this may be a record Conference for true fellowship, so that everyone will go home saying, " Ever the best of friends, wot larks."

After the Roll of Branches had been called, the Hon. Secretary read a message from the Queen in which she replied to the loyal greetings sent to her by Conference, and after further letters, Mr. Greaves read the

REPORT OF COUNCIL, 1957-58

Your Council would like to remind you of the first and second of the Fellowship's aims and objects:

1. To knit together, in a common bond of friendship, lovers of that great master of humour and pathos, Charles Dickens, and
2. To spread the love of humanity, which is the keynote of all his work.

Possibly there are not quite so many opportunities, these days, of practising our third aim and object, in regard to charities.

Our fourth—to assist in preserving and purchasing buildings and objects associated with Dickens, offers least success to a Society with no spare funds with which to make purchases and little power to preserve against the craze of Local Authorities to demolish all that is old, to provide room for new rate-earning blocks of modern offices. But every member *can* carry out our first two aims and should be encouraged to do so. It may label us as eccentrics, with our heads in the past, but if it be eccentric to enjoy the delights of the Dickens World, then let us be eccentrics. In any case, let us be different from other societies; different in the sense that we support our own meetings and do not leave speakers, whether they be our own members or outside speakers, to address empty seats because there happens to be something good on television that evening. That is a danger we *must* watch. Council urges officers to use every endeavour to persuade their members to give their loyal and full support to the activities of their Branch. Television can be an ally, by spreading interest in Dickens—it can be a rival and *is* proving a rival to societies all over the

country. Let us try to be different from other societies and become known as " the peculiar people who support their own meetings."

Film, television, radio and stage productions of Dickens may leave the experts disappointed, but it seems an accepted fact that they spread into fields we can never hope to reach ourselves, and at least create an interest in the original books. Libraries and booksellers assure us that an increased demand follows in the wake of a Dickens production in any of these mediums. We may be grateful, then, that some people like Rosa Dartle want to find out for themselves what the book is about and once they get interested in the original, as some no doubt do, we can safely leave it in the hands of Dickens to speak for himself. Whether these people turn to the Fellowship or not is another matter. It is up to us to find them when we can.

Apart from these spasmodic demands for Dickens, stimulated by the world of entertainment, there is evidence from libraries that there is a steady demand as well. Undoubtedly, such is the fascination of Dickens, there are always people throughout the country who enjoy his books in their homes but who would not think of joining a society such as ourselves, devoting its interest entirely to Dickens. People are apt to look upon us as experts and so give us a wide berth, although many would undoubtedly enjoy associating with us if they knew how unnecessary it is to have expert knowledge to enjoy our activities. That is another point we must try to get over, when opportunities occur. Officers in the Provinces may have more chance of speaking on Regional Wireless programmes, for instance, than we can hope to enjoy in London, as evidenced by the broadcast last Christmas, by our Branch Secretary in Birmingham. It is very important to grasp such opportunities when they arise.

To report briefly on the Dickens production during the past year, television gave us versions of *David Copperfield*, *Nicholas Nickleby* and *A Tale of Two Cities*; radio gave us *Great Expectations* for the children (and a very commendable effort, too); the film world turned also to *A Tale of Two Cities* and the same subject on the opera stage was produced for a limited run at Sadler's Wells, with music by Arthur Benjamin. Dickens has held his share in quiz programmes and we are pleased to report the phenomenal success of a young Dutch girl on the radio, against professors and other learned contestants.

Dickens, then, still continues to have useful publicity, even if the Dickens Fellowship cannot afford such a luxury, and all we can hope to do is to cash in on whatever opportunities are presented.

It is with regret that we have to report the final closing down of yet another Branch—this time Gloucester in the West Country. This Branch had almost ceased its activities for a long time. The passing of its one-time officers and the failure to find any to replace them has undoubtedly been the cause of the Branch coming to an end. It is a great pity, because there must be many people in that old cathedral city who, if they could be brought together by a keen and enthusiastic secretary would be glad to form themselves into a Branch. The right person is evidently not forthcoming and

Council has reluctantly been obliged to accept the return of Gloucester's Charter. The fine gilt and enamel chain of office, worn by its Presidents is being held, in safe custody, at Doughty Street.

Against that loss, Council is pleased to announce the foundation of another Overseas Branch at Kokomo, Indiana, since our last Conference. No doubt all members present at this Conference will wish to send their greetings and good wishes to this new Branch and to wish them every success in the future.

The somewhat startling fact must therefore be reported that there are now considerably more Overseas Branches than there are Branches in this country. In addition to Headquarters, there are now twenty-four Branches in this country against thirty-six Overseas. Admittedly England occupies but a small proportion of the world area, but it should hardly be necessary to remind this Conference that Charles Dickens was an Englishman, and this country should be proud enough of that fact to have a majority of Branches over here, with all our Dickensian associations around us. All Council can say is, "Wake up England."

We are pleased to report that the recently grown twig at Haarlem in Holland appears to have grown into a very live and healthy branch, so strong and vigorous that we already look forward, a year hence, to climbing out upon it and spending a wonderful Conference there.

One good form of publicity for any Branch is surely to invite the Fellowship to hold Conference in its own particular town. Council would like to recommend Branches to consider this point. Contrary to the general impression, the holding of a Conference should not prove a costly item in Branch accounts. Taking the programme as a whole, an excess of expenditure over income on one event should be offset by a profit on another. The efforts which have to be expended by the Branch Officers and Committee in organising a Conference of course cannot be assessed. The only reward they can hope to reap is the obvious enjoyment of the delegates attending, and the Fellowship is ever grateful to those good people who do such yeoman service each year on our behalf. Thirty years ago, Conference was held at Nottingham, and Council would like to recall the Hon. Secretary's remarks on that occasion, referring to representation of Branches on Council:

> " Regret is again expressed that Branches do not avail themselves of being represented at these meetings. The Council desires to have the co-operation and help of all possible representations of Branches in its deliberations, and urges every Branch, whose direct representation cannot be made to avail itself of the privilege under Rule VII of appointing a London member as deputy, and by this means keep in close touch with the work of the Fellowship. The prestige and influence of the Fellowship would be greatly augmented by a larger number of Branches taking a more active participation in its working."

Council would like to remind Conference that the position is still as it was in 1928 and once more urges Branches to see that they are represented at its meetings, either by direct representation or by means of the appointment of a deputy.

Our Costume Department grows and grows, and thanks to our Jenny Wrens, whose assiduous sewing rivals the knitting of Madame Defarge, we have many more costumes in stock than ever before. The industry at Doughty Street on Sewing Day is so intense that no mere male member dare approach number 48 for fear of being sent into the corner, like Mr. Dolls. Branches are reminded that we now have a very fine collection of authentic Dickens Character Costumes for hire at very reasonable charges and that the Fellowship benefits from the proceeds. Our thanks are extended to Miss Minards and these good ladies for their excellent work. Members are invited to send in any cottons and materials that can be spared to Doughty Street.

This year marks a change in one of our Officers and undoubtedly the Fellowship would like to record in this report its gratitude and appreciation to Mr. E. J. Mitchell, who has served as Hon. Treasurer for over twelve years. Now, unfortunately, owing to ill-health, he is obliged to resign, and his resignation was accepted with great reluctance and regret by Council. Mr. Mitchell has administered the accounts of the Fellowship, the Dickens House and *The Dickensian* since the resignation of Mr. T. W. Hill in 1946 and, on behalf of the Fellowship, Council would like to express our very grateful thanks for his valuable services and for the great care and thought he has expended in looking after its finances during his long term of office. He has seen the completion of the Dickens House Endowment Fund and the successful launching of the Friends of *The Dickensian*, and hands our accounts over to his successor in excellent order.

To his successor, Mr. W. A. MacGregor, whose election will be before you later on the Agenda, Council extends a warm welcome and wishes him the great success of his worthy predecessors.

Our attempts were continued last year to save No. 1 Devonshire Terrace, where Dickens lived for nearly twelve years, and wrote such great masterpieces as *Barnaby Rudge*, *Martin Chuzzlewit*, *Dombey and Son*, *David Copperfield* and *A Christmas Carol*. Surely the house where the *Carol* alone was written is worthy of preservation. Our endeavours have been unsuccessful and already this old house, the home of the Spirit of Christmas, is disappearing under the merciless pick and hammer of the demolition contractor. Soon, a great block of offices will rear its ugly head on its site, a worthy monument to the Local Authority who first gave permission for the demolition and the London County Council who upheld this decision.

Naturally, considerable anxiety was felt for our own house at 48 Doughty Street, as this is also protected under Section 30 of the Town and Country Planning Act, 1947. We have been assured by the London County Council in a letter to their representative on the Board of Trustees, that the circumstances in this case are "very different and there would appear to be little ground for anxiety about the protection afforded to 48 Doughty Street." No. 48 is in an area zoned for residential purposes, and so far as can be seen at the present time, quoting the L.C.C., "the possibility of development is somewhat remote." Furthermore, a report has been called for by the L.C.C. on the possibility of

making a Building Preservation Order on the Dickens House. Although nothing further has been heard, the Hon. Secretary is keeping in touch with the L.C.C., through their representative on the Board of Trustees and it is hoped that even more reassuring news may be forthcoming in subsequent Annual Reports.

In further pursuance of our fourth Aim and Object, we have this year been successful in persuading the L.C.C. to undertake the maintenance of the plaque placed on the house in Hampstead Road, where Dickens went to school at Wellington House Academy. The house itself, however, is in such a poor condition, that it may well be demolished in the not too distant future and little justification could be advanced to preserve it.

The real Honeymoon Cottage at Chalk has now been pulled down and the Fellowship has provided a plaque for the original of Joe Gargery's Forge in the same village.

" I base my claim to the remembrance of my country on my published works "—thus wrote Dickens in his Will. Long after his houses have gone, that row of books will remain, a worthy monument of his memory. His topical allusions may have lost their impact, his pathos and melodrama will be moods of his time, but his humour will live, when all else is forgotten. A selection of that humour, carefully compiled by a very keen and enthusiastic Dickensian, and good friend of the Fellowship, the late Editor of the *News Chronicle*, Robin Cruikshank, was published in our Jubilee Year, under the title *The Humour of Dickens*. Council would like to remind Branches that there are still copies of this little book available at 3/6 each, and that every copy sold benefits the Fellowship by a small royalty. It can be obtained through the Dickens House or direct from the *News Chronicle*. Council would also like to remind Branches that there are still copies of Walter Dexter's *Life of Dickens* for sale. This compact little paper edition is most useful for those requiring a brief summary of the life; it contains a number of interesting illustrations, and is also only 3/6. Once this edition is sold out, no further copies will be obtainable and you are therefore advised to place your orders immediately. Last Christmas, for the first time since the War, special Dickens Christmas cards were on sale at Doughty Street, at the reasonable price of 4/- a dozen with envelopes. Another set of four different designs will be on sale this year. It provides an intriguing speculation as to whether your fellow members will send you the same card as you are sending to them; but it is the message and spirit that counts, so what does it matter—and the Dickens House will benefit.

Once again, the Fellowship has spent a quiet year, which perhaps is better, in the long run, than a year of spectacular leaps and bounds, usually followed by a contrasting recession. We have a valuable and it seems an almost indestructible asset in the writings of Dickens. His humour is a master key, guaranteed to unlock the hearts of men and women of all nationalities—an international currency which can be used throughout the Reading World. It is up to us to spend it well and our Fellowship should prosper in the reflected glory of having such riches to distribute and to enjoy with our fellow beings—the genius of Charles Dickens.

HON. TREASURER'S REPORT

In the unavoidable absence of the retiring Hon. Treasurer, Mr. E. J. Mitchell, his report was read by Mr. W. E. Macgregor, the Hon. Treasurer elect:

In spite of staff troubles, and a consequent volume of work, our Auditors, with the usual kindly assistance of our old friend Mr. Harry Evans, their Senior Partner, have examined the books and rendered the Accounts for the year ended December 31st, 1957. We are indebted to them for the trouble they have taken in such difficult times.

Dealing first with *The Dickensian* Account, I am very pleased indeed to tell you that the result is the best we have had for a number of years, as a small profit is shown without having to take immediate advantage of the subscriptions from " Friends." The total receipts at £1,006 were £255 better than in 1956, due to (a) an increase in Sales receipts mainly from increased prices to non-members rather than to a larger distribution to our members, (b) the best year we have ever had in receipts from Sales of Back Numbers and (c) a large increase in receipts from Advertisements. Our expenses did not increase quite so much as was anticipated, but at £949 they exceeded those for 1956 which were £857.

As I explained last year, if our Sales of Back Numbers are good our Stock will go down until such time as we are unable to replenish it. Accordingly the value of Stock on hand fell from £93 at the beginning of the year to £53 at the end; but after setting off that reduction of £40 a profit was shown of £17. On this result it was not necessary to use any of the £262 so generously subscribed by " The Friends " and this amount has been held in reserve to meet future contingencies.

As regards the Fellowship, the total Income at £657 was £64 better than in 1956. This was due mainly to profits on sales of the *Life of Dickens* and Christmas Cards (incidentally both of these items are worth the attention of *all* of our members; any one requiring further information should approach the Secretary or Assistant Secretary). Our Expenses at £516 were only three pounds more than in 1956 with the result that there was an excess of Income over Expenditure of £141, being an increase of £61 over 1956.

Full advantage has been taken of the high rates of interest by placing cash not immediately required on Deposit Account at the Bank. The balance on Capital Account was £1,308, being the balance of £1,150 brought forward from 1956 to which has been added the Profit of £17 on *The Dickensian* and the Excess of £141 on the Fellowship.

The Accounts are available for anyone who wishes to inspect them.

This is the last report that I shall make to you as your Hon. Treasurer. I should like to thank you for the trust you have placed in me for the past twelve years and to assure you that I have thoroughly enjoyed the work, and I am very sorry I cannot offer myself for re-appointment. I shall continue to follow with

interest the activities of the Fellowship through the medium of *The Dickensian* and the programmes, and I hope it will retain its present importance in the world for years to come. In bidding you all farewell, and thanking you for your appreciation, I join with Tiny Tim in saying, " God Bless us every one."

The officers nominated by the Council, Mr. John Greaves, Hon. Secretary, Mr. W. A. Macgregor, Hon. Treasurer, and Mr. Leslie C. Staples, Hon. Editor of *The Dickensian*, were then elected. Mr. Greaves paid tribute to the successful treasurership of Mr. E. J. Mitchell, who had felt obliged not to offer himself for re-election after twelve years' devoted service. Our thanks were tendered to him personally at the Council Meeting in April as reported in our last number. Mr. Macgregor in expressing his acknowledgements on being elected, also paid tribute to his predecessor.

Mr. Staples then spoke of the completion of ten years of office as Hon. Secretary by Mr. Greaves and invited the Chairman to make the presentation to him and to Mrs. Greaves, which had been subscribed to by members throughout the world. This happy part of the proceedings is reported more fully on another page. The Hon. Auditors, Messrs. Morris Gregory & Co., of Manchester, were also re-elected with every expression of gratitude for their continued valuable and generous services.

THE FRIENDS OF *THE DICKENSIAN*

The Hon. Editor said he rose mainly to express his thanks for the efforts of The Friends of *The Dickensian*. During the first year of the existence of that body there were so many generous sums forwarded that it was uncertain whether they were annual subscriptions or donations, but the second year, that under review, saw the receipt of £260 in subscriptions, and this in a year when other economies resulted in the magazine making a slight profit. More advertisements than usual had been received and Miss Minards's fine efforts in the sale of back numbers had resulted this year in £218. The result hoped for from Friends was £100 per annum. In view of the success of the scheme, for which the Editor was profoundly grateful, it was proposed that henceforth Friends should be asked to subscribe 50% of the sums they had hitherto sent.

Conference then proceeded to discuss the venue of its future meetings. Mr. Godfried Bomans, supported by the eleven colleagues who had travelled to Nottingham with him, extended a hearty invitation for Conference to be held in Holland at Whitsun, 1959, a proposition that was hailed with enthusiasm, and unanimously and gratefully accepted.

Mr. J. Parkes, President of the Southend Branch, conveyed the invitation of that branch for Conference 1960 to be held in that town. With memories of several conferences in that hospitable resort, not least that in 1948, the first to be held out of London after the Second World War, the invitation was accepted with acclamation.

Mr. N. C. Peyrouton of the Boston, Mass., Branch, said that that branch hoped that Conference would visit that city in 1962, the

150th anniversary of the birth of Dickens, and the Diamond Jubilee of the Dickens Fellowship. Plans had been well advanced for such a visit in 1942, the centenary of Dickens's first visit to America, when war broke out, and his colleagues were eager that the cancelled visit should be realised in 1902. The plan was received with great enthusiasm by the meeting and Mr. Peyrouton was assured that every possibility of accepting the invitation would be carefully examined. A very large proportion of the members present indicated that they would be keenly interested in the possibility of attending. The Fellowship would undoubtedly derive much strength from a Conference in America if it was found to be a practical proposition, and every effort will be made to bring the matter to a happy consummation. In Boston, we learn, much thought has already been given to the suggestion. Our colleagues there may be assured that their efforts will be fully matched on this side of the Atlantic.

The book for study for the season 1950-00 was appointed to be *Dombey and Son*. That for the coming season, being appointed by last year's Conference—*Martin Chuzzlewit* and *American Notes*.

On the proposition by the Council, Rule IV was amended making branch dues payable to Headquarters 30s. per annum in place of the former 21s., for the first fifty members or less, and half a guinea for each additional fifty or less. The alteration was passed unanimously, it being recognised that in the view of rising costs, the change, the first since the earliest days of the Fellowship, was more than justified.

The meeting concluded with a vote of thanks to the Chairman proposed by Mrs. H. E. Evans of Manchester.

Saturday afternoon was occupied by a visit to Melbourne Hall, the home of the Victorian Prime Minister.

The Conference Dinner, under the Chairmanship of Mr. Basil Bastow, President of the Nottingham Branch, at the Victoria Hotel that evening, was outstandingly successful. The principal toast was proposed by Mr. Godfried Bomans, President of the Haarlem, Holland, Branch. We give his speech in full.

THE IMMORTAL MEMORY OF CHARLES DICKENS

When Mr. Bastow invited me to propose the Immortal Memory on this solemn occasion, I thought at first he was joking. Even a President can joke, for he is a human being, subject to human weaknesses. But when I understood that the invitation was made in earnest, I wondered how a Branch could prosper under such a reckless leader. To throw a great tradition, built up by such eminent Dickensians as MacNulty, Mason and Dean Matthews, into the hands of a newcomer and a foreigner at that, is taking enormous risks indeed. Nevertheless, I immediately consented, being convinced first that even a bad shot is dignified when he accepts a duel, and secondly that after he had heard my performance he would never ask me again. From this moment until my death I can attend every dinner of the Fellowship without the slightest chance of being obliged to interrupt my meal.

Who would not gladly buy this privilege by ten minutes of trepidation? I only asked one favour: to be allowed to write my poor attempt and to read it. This was granted. I hope you will be kind enough to excuse this reading. We will make the same allowances when you speak Dutch next year.

I believe that this is almost the first time in the glorious history of the Dickens Fellowship that the speech "The Immortal Memory" will be given not by an Englishman, not even by an American, a Canadian, an Australian, a New Zealander or any other representative of the vast English-speaking world, but by an inhabitant of the European continent. You may not be aware of it, but there are some parts of the terrestrial globe that do not belong to the British Empire. One of these parts is our continent. You can sweep it away with a flourish of your right arm and a flush of the face, but, nevertheless, it is there. I can prove it on the map. Lying east of England and at the other side, west of the United States, to the south of the English parts of the Arctic regions and to the north of British Africa, it manages somehow to be "not English". The people there, I regret to say, have their own customs. They do not get up at eight, shave close at a quarter past, breakfast at nine, go to the City at ten, come home at half-past five and dine at seven. What then do they do? They do—I am sorry to be obliged to say it—*as* they do. They sent, about the year 55 B.C., some legions, and romanised England. Britain was directly Roman, that is European, for fully four hundred years. Britons were not originally proud of being Britons. They were proud of being Romans, as we all were. And one of these Romans, Gregory the Great, decided one day to give the Angli one syllable more. And his comment "Non Angli, sed Angeli", that is: "Not English, but Angels", was the beginning of an era of more than a thousand years during which England was part of that great European family in the same Christian creed. We all got up at five o'clock in the morning to sing the same hymns and we had the same meal at nine, when this meal had yet its original meaning: the breaking of a real fast, in short, a breakfast. And when you ask me if I find evidences that strike me of your British constitution in the streets of the world's metropolis, London, I am bound to say: Yes, it strikes me how many continental elements this constitution has, from William the Conqueror to the principles of the French revolution. The history of this constitution is a tale of two cities. It may be true that it was bestowed upon you by providence, but it is equally true that providence made use of some French ideas and Norman conceptions. So much for the continent. And what did England do for us?

Now I leave mockery behind and wish to offer a humble tribute to one of the great gifts you made to the world: English literature. Each nation added its own fluid to the enormous melting-pot of mankind: Rome gave her law, France her thoughts, Germany her music, Austria her blood for the Royal houses, and Holland her paintings. The contribution of England is expressed in print. It may be that Shakespeare never existed. But Hamlet is there. It may be that a learned German professor was right when he

contended that Shakespeare has, unfortunately, been confused with a contemporary author of the same name, but nobody doubts the existence of Shylock. You can even believe that the whole Shakespeare-question is much ado about nothing and at the same time be delighted with his comedy of errors. This is one of the surprising features of English literature that the characters it created are often much more vivid than the authors by whom they were begotten. Daniel Defoe may be named Daniel or Nathaniel, but nobody will make a mistake in the name of Robinson Crusoe. You can know nothing about Lewis Carroll, as indeed we do not, for he was a very shy man who refused to be known. But we know everything about Alice in Wonderland. Jonathan Swift is a shadowy figure when you compare him with Gulliver and you may reject Laurence Sterne as an obscure profligate, as indeed he was, without ceasing to love his Uncle Toby. You can spell the name of Wilde with a V or a W, that depends upon the moral taste and fancy of the speller, but you have no choice in the picture of Dorian Grey. Here you are spell-bound. You can even put Dickens beyond this side of idolatry, but you will never desert Mr. Micawber. And, my dear Dickens-ians, you must be a Prig indeed to doubt the reality of Mrs. Harris! It is the great glory of your writers that they created out of the English fog solid creatures, who live among us in flesh and blood, things of beauty who are a joy for ever to the shrewd hotel-keepers, who ask a double fee for one of the innumerable beds where Pickwick is supposed to have slept. We are dealing with real persons. No house-hunting was ever conducted with more vigour than the search for Betsey Trotwood's dwelling or the identification of the real Maypole Inn. For years and years ardent Dickensians did their utmost to find the original of Chesney Wold, until one of these Sherlock Holmeses made the surprising discovery that it was the house where the Watsons lived. The owner of the Old Curiosity Shop in London goes even further. He succeeds in deriving his income from the fact, that Little Nell never stayed there. Such feats are only possible when an author has the rare gift of creating personalities, who are three-dimensional, who fill space. You can walk round Wardle, as you can walk round Falstaff, because they are not flat but ask room and quite a lot of it. Each attempt to compare Dickens with a contemporary writer, as for instance Thackeray, will stop at this: that they wrote differently. If you wish to test the difference you have only to try how many characters of Thackeray you can *see*. I for one see nothing, for they have only an outline. You can draw them, but you cannot sculpt them. They have no volume, as Pecksniff, Podsnap or Pickwick have. Even Becky Sharp is too sharp. The point is not that Thackeray, Collins or George Eliot did not write well. They wrote very well. But Dickens wrote Weller. He was not primarily a writer. He was a creator.

And here I come to an objection, that can only be answered when you consider it as a consequence of this creatorship, a high virtue, a quality instead of a fault. I am referring to the charge, often heard and seldom sufficiently refuted: that his characters

never alter, that his personalities are performing the same tricks over and over again. Well, my beloved brethren, when you hear this accusation made by the infidels, don't make the terrible mistake of denying it. Stick to your guns and admit it with pride. Because this so-called fault is just the strength of Dickens. You cannot create a character that will live for ever, unless it is a constant character with a constant behaviour. You cannot believe in Chaplin unless he always wears the same bowler hat and always raises it in the same manner: from behind. You can ask for a stetson. Very well. But when your demand is granted, you will have no Chaplin. You have Monsieur Verdoux. The repetition of this particular hat is essential, because it is the only bonnet with a bee in it. It makes the immortal mad-hatter that is Chaplin. The real Chaplin-fan therefore doesn't object to bowler hats. On the contrary, he asks for more. Don Quixote, to take another character, is always fighting against the same windmills in always the same harness. Nobody will ever accuse Cervantes of monotony. The whole point of Don Quixote is just that he is always wearing the same armour and that he can be said to have died in harness. And for the same reason it is of the utmost importance that Pickwick should never change his tights and gaiters. I can very well imagine the horror by which Mr. Winkle is struck, when he sees his revered leader in silk stockings, for the whole sense of Pickwick is that he is Pickwick and that you can only consider him in the same Pickwickian sense. And I fully agree that Mr. Pickwick in his turn is right when he contests the liberty of Mr. Tupman to put himself in a green velvet jacket with a two-inch tail. For the whole glory of Tupman is that he is perpetually Tupman. When he deviates only one inch from this path of virtue, he becomes indeed a bandit.

This is the reason why the Dickens Fellowship after fifty-six years is still going strong and why our excellent periodical *The Dickensian* is still continuing after more than half a century. They both trade not in history, but in life. You cannot run a magazine on Anthony Trollope. You can found it, but after three years you have to change its name to *Nineteenth-century Fiction*, because Trollope *is*, in a way, nineteenth-century fiction. He is a drop in the enormous ocean of Victorian literature, whereas Dickens is a river apart. True, he flows into that vast sea, but he has his own sources and each generation produces its own Livingstones to find them. The generation of Queen Victoria produced Forster, Fitzgerald, Gissing and Kitton, the Edwardians furnished Chesterton, Matz and Swinburne, and the reign of George the Fifth gave light to Dexter, Walter Crotch and Straus. We have our Johnson, Pope Hennessy, Pearson and Butt, and each year produces a new explorer. They trace the origin of that great river back and back, but it is all in vain. They will never find the ultimate spring. You may find out that the original name of the immortal Samuel was Moses. But as with Moses the promised land shall be denied you. Its view will be obstructed by a hard rock. And you can strike and strike it with the rod of your learning, it will yield no water. But when you raise your head you will suddenly read, carved in the stubborn stone, the

mysterious sentence: "I thought of Pickwick." In other words, you will find that inexplicable thing: genius. No scholar can explain that last inscription. You have only to read it, in a simple and unsophisticated way. It is Bill Stumps his mark.

And now I want to say a few words about Dickens and Holland. So much has been said about Dickens and England. Now it is our turn. For such a man is not the property of one nation. We claim our Dickens, too. It may not be generally known, but the first language into which Dickens was translated was Dutch. *Pickwick* appeared in Amsterdam in the year after the first edition. of Chapman & Hall, and was followed next year by *Oliver Twist*. The Dutch version of *Twist* had the ill luck to be issued in 1839, the same year in which the best seller of a Dutch author came out. This was the *Camera Obscura*, the great hit of the forties in our literature. Now from 1839 to 1850 this our most popular book sold 4,000 copies. Over the same period *Oliver Twist* sold 27,000. The author of the *Camera Obscura* had reason to repeat the words of Thackeray, when the author of *Vanity Fair* threw a copy of the fifth number of *Dombey and Son* on the desk of Mark Lemon and exclaimed: "There is no writing against such power as this—One has no chance!" During the nineteenth century the complete works of Dickens were issued in no less than five editions by five different publishers and each one ran into several printings. During the twentieth century the Dickens boom has continued and even increased until our own days. To give only one instance: a few years ago there appeared a new Dutch edition of his works in thirty-four parts, supplemented by John Forster's biography, each part selling at less than half a crown a volume. You may be interested to know the exact figures. The total sale was a few thousands short of one million. I don't exaggerate if I say that Dickens in Holland can be considered as a national institution. Without his influence the liberation of the Dutch workman would have occurred at least twenty years later. He did more for our labourers than any Dutch philanthropist, by the sheer force of his writing. He came to their rescue just in the nick of time, when nobody cared a damn about their fate. They are all dead now, the millions who profited by this great human heart. It is too late to thank him personally in their name. But it is not too late to thank you that you gave him to us.

I am coming now to the end of what I have tried to say. But I will not finish without expressing my deeply felt acknowledgement of the great trust you have put in me by inviting me to speak to-night and of the honour thus bestowed on my Branch. Believe me when I assure you that at this very moment sixty Dutch members on the other side of the North Sea are crossing their fingers that their President may rise to the occasion. It is a pity that when I return to their midst I will be surrounded by eleven witnesses. Otherwise I should have said that it was a splendid performance. I hope that you will feel yourselves as perfectly at home in our country next year as we are feeling now in yours. We are here not as strangers, lone lorn creatures, like Mrs. Gummidge, but as members of the same family. And I wish to thank the Nottingham

Branch for having given us this feeling. We in our turn will give you in Haarlem the same: a Dutch treat.

And now, when I look around me, I say with Pickwick: "This indeed is comfort." But there is no real comfort without a glass of wine. Gabriel Grub, as you all know, was not condemned because he had a drink on Christmas Eve, a very natural thing to do, nor even for drinking Hollands, a rather melancholy sort of drink, but for "drinking Hollands alone." Let us not repeat this grave sin. And I propose that Holland drinks with England, to the immortal memory of their mutual friend: Charles Dickens.

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The toast list was completed by that to "The Lord Mayor and Corporation of Nottingham", by Mr. F. C. Tighe, the City Librarian, and replied to by the Lord Mayor; "The Dickens Fellowship", by Mr. Leo. Mason, Blackburn, and replied to by Mrs. H. E. Evans, Manchester; "The Visitors", by the Chairman, and replied to by Miss C. Stuart Bunning, London, and "The Chairman", by the Rev. M. F. Giles, to which Mr. Bastow responded. Songs were provided by Mr. John Rockley, accompanied by Mr. Alan G. Bastow, and a passage from *Pickwick* was given by Mr. Greaves.

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On Sunday members attended evensong at Wollaton Church when the Rev. M. F. Giles preached the sermon. Afterwards the company were entertained by the Nottingham Branch in Wollaton New Church Hall, and an exceedingly happy evening was spent.

Monday, the final day of the Conference, was filled with a beautiful drive to Lincoln. Lunch was taken at Woodhall Spa and the afternoon taken up by a visit to Lincoln Cathedral, followed by a return to Woodhall Spa for tea. The evening return journey to Nottingham was interrupted for a visit to Belton House, the home of Lord Brownlow.

At tea, Mr. Greaves expressed the deeply grateful thanks of the Fellowship to the Nottingham Branch for their wonderful hospitality and for the admirable plans made for Conference and which were so faultlessly carried out. With these thanks Mr. Greaves associated especially the names of Mrs. Mary Giles, the indefatigable Hon. Secretary, and Mr. Basil Bastow, the President, both of whom had clearly never spared themselves in the very considerable labour of arduous organisation.

WHO WROTE "MR. ROBERT BOLTON"?

By William J. Carlton

IN the course of his two years' association with *Bentley's Miscellany*, from the publication of No. 1 in January, 1837, to the close of 1838, Dickens made a number of contributions to the magazine of which he was the first editor. The most important of them was "Oliver Twist", the opening chapters of which were printed in the issue of February, 1837, and which ran on until March, 1839, four months after the publication by Bentley of the complete work in three volumes. Others were "Public Life of

Mr. Tulrumble" (January, 1837), "The Pantomime of Life" (March, 1837), "Some Particulars concerning a Lion" (May, 1837), "Full Report of the First Meeting of the Mudfog Association for the Advancement of Everything" (October, 1837), and "Full Report of the Second Meeting of the Mudfog Association" (September, 1838). To each of these effusions except the last "Boz" was prefixed or appended, and they were all indexed under the same familiar pseudonym.

Nor were these the editor's only contributions to the *Miscellany*. Sundry editorial addresses and announcements, and the "Notices to Correspondents" on the wrapper of each number, must be added to the list, while internal evidence suggests that at least one unsigned paper, "Theatrical Advertisement Extraordinary" in No. 2 (February, 1837) was from Dickens's pen.[1]

Another anonymous piece, "Mr. Robert Bolton, the 'Gentleman connected with the Press'," which occupies three pages of No. 20 (August, 1838) has been attributed to Dickens by successive writers and editors over a period of more than seventy years. George Bentley, the son of Dickens's publisher, set the ball rolling by reprinting it in *The Mudfog Papers, etc., by Charles Dickens . . . now first collected*, published by Richard Bentley & Son in 1880. "The papers contained in this little volume," wrote Bentley in his preface dated July 26th, "were written by Charles Dickens for the early numbers of *Bentley's Miscellany*. The manuscripts of the two meetings of the Mudfog Association, and of 'Mr. Robert Bolton, the Gentleman connected with the Press', in my possession, are covered with corrections, erasures, and additions. At that time Charles Dickens wrote a freer and bolder hand than he came to write in later years, and these manuscripts are easily decipherable."

Richard Herne Shepherd did not mention "Mr. Robert Bolton" in his *Bibliography of Dickens*, published almost simultaneously with *The Mudfog Papers* in 1880; but, following George Bentley's lead, he included it in the bibliography appended to his *Speeches of Charles Dickens* in 1884; and it was listed among Dickens's contributions to the *Miscellany* in F. G. Kitton's *Minor Writings of Charles Dickens*, 1900. Kitton added that the original MSS. of the pieces collected in *The Mudfog Papers* were then in George Bentley's possession. Three years later a place was found for "Mr. Robert Bolton" in the "Collected Papers" which formed Volume XIX of the Biographical Edition of Dickens's works published by Chapman & Hall.

So much for the evidence in favour of Dickens's authorship of "Mr. Robert Bolton". On the other hand, a document has come to light recently which suggests that Bentley may have been mistaken. Among the Bentley Papers acquired by the British Museum in 1948 is a letter addressed to Richard Bentley of which the text is given below:

23 Newcastle Street Strand
Thursday 2d. Aug. 1838

Dear Sir,

Mr. Dickens having been so kind as to insert an article of

[1] See *The Dickensian*, LIV, 48 (Jan., 1958).

mine in the current number of the Miscellany, I write you, believing you pay contributors on the second of the month, to beg the favor of the amount, as I am not at present overstocked & it wd. be of signal service. The article is " Mr. Robert Bolton &c ".

Believe me Dear Sir
hoping that both yourself & Mr Ollier are well,
Your sincere servant
JOHN H. LEIGH HUNT.[1]

In another hand at the top of the next sheet is " Recd of Mr R. Bentley Two Pounds for an article in ' Bentley's Miscellany ' No. 20 entitled ' Mr Robert Bolton ' £2. 2 Augt. 1838 for Mr Jno Hunt Stephen Hunt." And at the foot of the sheet, in yet another hand, is " Witness Chas. Ollier."[2]

It will be seen that not only did the writer of the letter claim to be the author of " Mr. Robert Bolton " but that his claim was recognised by the payment to him of £2 by the publisher. The identification of John H. Leigh Hunt presents some difficulty. He could hardly have been John Hunt (1775-1848), elder brother of James Henry Leigh Hunt and printer of *The Examiner*, who seems never to have used the name Leigh. He is more likely to have been Leigh Hunt's second son, John Leigh Hunt, about whom little is known. A journalist of the same age as Dickens, he was described by his brother Thornton Hunt as " clever, amusing, agreeable and, from first to last, very decidedly what is called ' good-natured '." From the same source we learn that " there is too much reason to suppose that this erring son . . . had, in a great number of cases, used his father's means, *and sometimes his father's name*; and it is almost certain that this abuse was extended to cases which have never been traced. The consequences visited Leigh Hunt, sometimes in money lost, sometimes in more painful forms."[3]

Stephen Hunt, whose signature appears on the receipt, was probably Leigh Hunt's brother Stephen Shewell Hunt, said to have been a solicitor in Bedford Row. He was " married to a lady with ' a small independence ', several daughters, and habits of ease," and was himself " a proud gentleman, indolent, indifferent to everything except ' society ', and growing callous even to that."[4] Edward Blunden seems to imply that Stephen Hunt was dead in 1839.[5]

At first sight the statements in George Bentley's preface to *The Mudfog Papers* and in the letter signed by John H. Leigh Hunt seem to be irreconcilable. But the apparent contradiction could be explained if we assume that " Mr. Robert Bolton " was written by John H. Leigh Hunt and submitted by him to the editor of the *Miscellany*, and that Dickens, willing to render a service to a fellow journalist who was also the son of his friend Leigh Hunt,

[1] Add. MS. 46, 649, f. 301.
[2] Charles Ollier (1788-1859), Bentley's literary adviser, had published Leigh Hunt's *Foliage Hero and Leander*, and the second edition of *The Story of Rimini*.
[3] *Correspondence of Leigh Hunt*, ed. Thornton Hunt, 1862, I, 275.
[4] E. Blunden, *Leigh Hunt, a Biography*, 1930, p. 360.
[5] *Ibid.*, p. 277

rewrote some part of the paper or at least made some changes in it. This hypothesis might help to account for the many " corrections, erasures, and additions " to the MS. mentioned by George Bentley.

In the exercise of his editorial functions, which he took very seriously, " Boz " had occasion to revise as well as to curtail some of the manuscripts sent to him before passing them to the printer, and the original version of this particular sketch may well have been subjected to somewhat extensive changes in his hand. Be that as it may, the atmosphere of youthful vivacity and spontaneity which characterised Dickens's acknowledged writings of this period in greater or less degree is conspicuously absent from " Mr. Robert Bolton ". The Dickensian touch may perhaps be detected in the description of the baker as " a large stomach surmounted by a man's head, and placed on the top of two particularly short legs," or of Mr. Bolton himself, whose fingers " peeped through the ends of his black kid gloves " and two of whose toes of each foot " took a similar view of society through the extremities of his high-lows." But the tale as a whole bears few traces of that distinctive if indefinable quality which is the hall-mark of even the feeblest of " Boz's " early excursions into literature.

If this sketch was wholly or mainly penned by him, it is not easy to understand Dickens's motive for concealing its authorship, for he was well aware that the sobriquet " Boz " was one of the *Miscellany's* greatest assets. In the light of the new evidence here produced from the Bentley Papers it would seem that George Bentley's unsupported statement can no longer be deemed sufficient to justify the inclusion of " Mr. Robert Bolton " in the corpus of Dickens's works.

RICHARD CHARLES DICKENS SHUCKBURGH, M.C.

IT is with profound regret that we record the death at the age of 41 of Mr. Richard C. D. Shuckburgh, which occurred in hospital on June 14th, after a brief illness.

The son of the late Robert Shuckburgh and Mrs. Shuckburgh (*née* Olive Dickens), a daughter of Sir Henry Fielding Dickens, K.C., Mr. Shuckburgh was thus a great-grandson of the novelist in whom he became deeply interested from a very early age. His long years of service to the Fellowship, as a member of the Executive Committee were interrupted only by his war service, during which he had a distinguished record and was awarded the Military Cross in the North African campaign.

After the war he won great popularity in Fellowship and elsewhere for his recitals from Dickens, and even more as a speaker, for he was constantly in demand at Dickens Birthday Dinners, on which occasions his eloquence and passionate sincerity made great appeal. He will be greatly missed in a very wide circle.

Our deepest sympathy is extended to his mother and to his sister. The Fellowship was represented at the Requiem Mass, celebrated at St. Joseph's Church, Epsom, on June 18th.

DICKENS COMMEMORATION SERMON

preached in the

PARISH CHURCH OF ST. GEORGE-THE-MARTYR
(Little Dorrit's Church)
SOUTHWARK,

by the Rector,
THE REVEREND C. E. V. BOWKETT.

" Whosoever liveth and believeth on me shall never die."
(*John* 11, 26).

THOSE of you who know and love the books of Charles Dickens will know that he wrote them with a full heart from the depths of his experience. The characters in his books live again for us because they lived to him; many, indeed, were people whom he met and knew, some were those whom he despised, others whom he condemned or pitied, many whom he loved. Again and again some friend, relative, acquaintance, or even the author himself, can be found in one of his characters. Those of us who know something of his personal life can find added enjoyment and appreciation from his writings when we have, as the background of our reading, a sympathy with the life and character of the author.

We can share, in his own boyhood days, the fun and the laughter of his youth in and around the home in Rochester, as we journey with Pickwick on the coach which " rolls merrily along the road to Rochester." We can enter into the affectionate lingering on Rochester Bridge and around the old castle and Cathedral as they begin to share their history, their secrets, their treasure with the quickening mind of the growing child. We can share in the unrestrained laughter of boyhood as we picture the scene he probably enjoyed, while keeping at a safe and discreet distance, of Mr. Winkle, though, no doubt, a man of another name.

> " Mr. Winkle scrambles up into the saddle of his mount—an animal towering to enormous height—like a man getting up the side of a battleship; perching there with all the sensations of a landlubber in a crow's nest, he is bewildered to have the creature drift mysteriously up the street, with his head towards one side of the way and his tail to the other."

Then comes the dreadful experience, of which he never spoke to any save one close friend, of being taken away from school, at the age of twelve, going to live in a poorer home, and to make both ends meet and to help with the ever-increasing pile of debts, sent out to work in a blacking factory sticking on labels for twelve hours a day. From the bitterness born of this experience, he felt, as in later life he told his friend, Forster, cast away, hurt both bodily and mentally, " No words," he wrote, " can express the secret agony of my soul. That I suffered in secret and suffered exquisitely, no one ever knew but I."

The came the crowning sorrow of his young life when a few weeks later his father was taken, and imprisoned in the Marshalsea

for debt. As he entered the gates he addressed these words to the boy: "The sun has set on me for ever." Dickens was later to write: "I really believed at the time that they had broken my heart."

Out of these experiences was born *Little Dorrit*, after whom this church in which we worship to-night is called. In it we share the tragic circumstances of the debtor, experience the gradual fading of hope and the demoralisation of character.

And so we could go on . . . From his experience as a newspaper reporter in the House of Commons was born the indignation for the Poor Law which bursts forth from the pages of *Oliver Twist*.

From the happiness which came to him year after year at Christmas in his own home when success had brought him wealth, was born the happiness of *The Christmas Carol*, blended, of course, with earlier experiences, and so making the whole of the story.

Through all his books runs the dark vein of the consciousness of suffering and evil never ceasing to lie as a heavy weight on the whole-life. Though the never dying appeal of his writings, is that comedy triumphs above tragedy, but without ever denying the existence of the tragedy.

But the one question I wanted to put to-night as this commemoration lies within the season of Easter is what, from his experience, did Charles Dickens have to say about death and the hereafter?

How did he face death . . . either of his loved ones or his own?

This man: so conscious of the dignity of man in his own right as the child of God . . . so full of wrath, bitterness and stern denunciation for any system, social, political or religious, that would deprive him of that dignity: bringing the forces of satire and ridicule as well as direct condemnation to bear upon any agency; established law, social institution, the Church, industry, commerce or individual selfishness or hatred, which prevented man from attaining his full stature; this man: . . . Charles Dickens . . . burning with passionate longing for man's full life to be lived on earth . . . what did he think of death? Was it the end or but a beginning? In the majority of his books one must admit that while there are numerous references to belief in an after life they are essentially vague. There is constant mention of heaven, but what heaven means is left alone.

His bitterest experience of death was the loss of his wife's younger sister Mary, who had gone to live with them after their marriage. His love for her was something quite unusual, no doubt the intervening years tended to lend a gloss to that relationship in his own memory and judgement, but that a deep bond of genuine affection existed between them, in some respects much deeper than that between Charles and the sister who was his wife, is quite evident. Yet though he wrote to his friends a tremendous amount about his loss, about her character and her loveliness, though his work was interrupted to such an extent that his publishers had to insert in their journal an explanation, "that the instalment of *Oliver Twist* due that month was delayed on account of Charles Dickens mourning the sudden death of a very dear young relative to whom he was most affectionately

attached." Yet in spite of all this, C.D. had little or nothing to say about the future life whither Mary had gone.

All that came from his pen was, when he told of her death: " . . . I continued to support her lifeless form, long after her soul had fled to Heaven ", and the inscription he composed for her tombstone: " Young, Beautiful and Good. God in His mercy numbered her with his angels, at the early age of seventeen."

In *The Old Curiosity Shop*, when Dickens reaches the approaching death he has planned for Little Nell, he writes: " It casts the most horrible shadow upon me. It is such a very painful thing to me, that I really cannot express my sorrow. Old wounds bleed afresh when I only think of the way of doing it: what the actual doing it will be, God knows . . . Dear Mary died yesterday when I think of this sad story."

Some two years later when he wrote to a friend in the printing trade he says, in offering comfort on the loss of a child: " I lost in one short night a young and lovely creature, in whom I had the fondest father's pride. The first burst of anguish over, I have never thought of her with pain—never. I have never connected her idea with the grave in which she lies. I look upon it as I sometimes do upon the clothes she used to wear. They will moulder away in their secret places, as her earthly form will in the ground, but I have long since learnt to separate her from all this litter of dust and ashes and to picture her to myself with every well remembered grace and beauty heightened by the light of heaven."

Writing from Italy to his friend Forster, who had recently lost his brother, he says: " I know, I know my dear friend that before the ground is green above him, you will be content that what was capable of death in him, should lie there."

A few hours before his own death, or the last page he was to write in *Edwin Drood*, he paints the picture of a lovely sunny morning in Rochester. He writes: " Changes of glorious light from moving boughs, songs of birds, scents from gardens, woods and fields—or, rather, from the one great garden of the whole cultivated island in its yielding time—penetrate into the Cathedral, subdue its earthy odour, and preach the Resurrection and the Life."

He assumes in all his writing and in every reference he makes, that all that is good will find a larger and more wonderful scope in that life after death, which he calls Heaven. That man might qualify for that life, he urges that he be true, just and loving upon earth, concerned with the well being not only of his family and close friends but of that mass of people throughout the land whose lot might be cast in hard places, in difficult and uncongenial surroundings.

If thus we build up the character of the body spiritual that shall be ours after death, then we can stand content at the side of the grave of loved ones or contemplate our own, and in Dickens's own words: " be content that what is capable of death in us should lie there."

And is not this but another interpretation of the words of Jesus which were my text: " Whosoever liveth and believeth on me shall never die."

NOTES ON *GREAT EXPECTATIONS*

By T. W. Hill

Continued from page 125.

Chapter XXXIX

6. CHURCH CLOCKS . . . SOME LEADING. Not the first time Dickens had joked about public clocks that did not strike simultaneously. In *Pickwick Papers*, chapter xl, he had written: " . . . just as all the clocks in the city were striking nine individually and somewhere about nine hundred and ninety-nine collectively." And in *Nicholas Nickleby*, chapter xi: " . . . exactly as such of the church clocks in the neighbourhood as agreed among themselves about the time struck five."

7. HIS AGE WAS ABOUT SIXTY. See note 1 above.

8. WARN'T LIKELY TO IT. A now outmoded form of expression. The omission of the verb is not now current, although in some provincial dialects it can sometimes be heard. Dickens used the old form constantly.

9. THAT'S A GENTLEMAN'S. Fashions in the wearing of jewellery change. Rings with multiple stones, especially coloured ones were not uncommon for gentry in Dickens's day: he affected one himself for " evening dress ".

10. IT WARN'T EASY . . . IT WARN'T SAFE. Magwitch had practically " broken jail " in returning to England. See next note.

11. IT'S DEATH. The punishment for a transported convict who returned without leave.

Chapter XL

1. NEGRO-HEAD. A Cavendish tobacco of very dark colour and the strongest flavour, impregnated with molasses to make it palatable for chewing, and pressed into cakes. It was very popular with sailors and heavy labourers.

2. ANOTHER PAIR OF SHOES. A colloquial phrase for a different matter. Dickens uses it again in *Our Mutual Friend* (book i, chapter xv): " That, sir," replied Mr. Wegg, " is quite another pair of shoes." Its implication is obvious.

3. ESSEX STREET. An excellent choice for Magwitch's lodging, as it is just behind Garden Court where Pip could see it.

4. COMPLICATED KIND OF PATIENCE. The game of Patience, or Solitaire, has been known for hundreds of years and there are innumerable ways of playing it, but as the " rules " were handed down orally it has not received much mention in books about playing cards. During the last half-century, the rules have been more or less codified, and now there are many hand-books giving many ways of playing the game.

5. PURSUED BY THE MISSHAPEN CREATURE. An allusion to Frankenstein, a novel by Mary Godwin, Shelley's wife (1818) in which Frankenstein is tormented by a monster of his own creation.

Chapter XLI

1. JACK-KNIFE. A large clasp-knife for the pocket, usually attached to a lanyard, used by seamen, scaffolders and woodsmen.

(*To be continued*)

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP IN HOLLAND CONFERENCE AT AMSTERDAM 1959

By Godfried Bomans (*President, Haarlem Branch*)

"Ours is the marsh country within twenty miles of the sea."
(*Great Expectations*)

THE Haarlem Branch was founded December 8th, 1956, at "Kraantje Lek" (The Leaking Tap), the oldest inn of Holland, situated in the sand dunes west of Haarlem. Apart from a 153-year old parrot, who has never in his life said a single word nor shown the slightest inclination to change this attitude, The Leaking Tap derives a well deserved fame from a completely hollow tree, standing just opposite the entrance and out of which all the inhabitants of Haarlem are supposed to have been born. It is the local custom to believe this until the age of ten and then to shift to the more general conception of the stork. At the age of 25 another explanation may begin to dawn, but that is not always the case. So when you come to Haarlem you will find a very innocent kind of people, who marry late but, having done so, are happily surprised. Now for our Branch. It comprises about a hundred members, one third from Haarlem, one third from The Hague, Rotterdam and other cities in the west, and one-third from the east of our country. We meet mostly at The Leaking Tap, about ten times a year. A member gives a paper, which is followed by a discussion. We finish with an uproarious meal, that not seldom prolongs itself into the small hours. In order to meet the disadvantage of not having Dickens readings, the cities of The Hague and Zwolle have formed individual reading circles. The first one, under the stimulating chairmanship of Mr. F. A. C. van Oorschot, did not wish to separate itself from the Haarlem Branch, but Zwolle, a fair distance to the East, is about to develop its circle into an independent Branch. The majority of our members are on the young side and for the greater part belong to the male sex. Next year's Conference was originally planned for Haarlem. However, it turned out that the city of Haarlem could not provide sufficient accommodation. In this predicament several Dutch cities, contending for the honour to receive the Fellowship within their walls, came to our rescue. It was Amsterdam that carried the day. You will all be lodged in the heart of that city, within call of each other. Mr. Coleman has written, at my request, a short impression of Amsterdam, which follows. As to the beauties of Haarlem, among which you will spend one afternoon, human eloquence modestly admits that they defy every description. Who the dickens could do it, since the great master is no more? We hope that you will come to see them for yourselves. We do not have enough members to occupy all the beds we have reserved on your behalf. If you stay at home we shall be ruined. So do not hesitate, there is only the North Sea between you and us. And the wild waves are saying: Come to Holland.

HOLLAND AND AMSTERDAM

By David Coleman

HOLLAND is the one land in the world where the legend of King Bruce and the spider has no meaning. The dogged persistence which the Bruce had to learn from the lowly spider, has been from the dawn of their history, and still is to day, the most vital characteristic of that people who live in the graphically-named "Low Countries".

This is a land snatched from the sea. A land where two-thirds of the inhabitants still live beneath the level of the waves. Where day and night vigil must be kept to hold what has been so hardly won. Small wonder then that the motto of the reigning and beloved House of Orange is "I Will Maintain".

Were it not for the fact that the Dutch share with the British an inborn reluctance to self advertise, this land of dune and polder, slender spires and exquisite gables, barges and blossoms and the ever changing sweep of a wide free sky, would outshine all the so-called "tourist countries" of the Continent in its intimate and magical appeal.

With a land area a little less than that of Scotland and a population which even now is little more than that of London, it has spread its influence to the corners of the earth and given both pioneers and presidents to lands far greater than itself. Until the last War it administered an empire second only in size to that of Britain and to-day its achievements stand for all to see, in the rebirth of Rotterdam, the largest port in the Eastern Hemisphere, in the mammoth works of land reclamation to which it is now committed, in its broad straight roads and modern houses and not least in the living standards and scientific achievements of its people.

From the moated castles in the east to the ancient cities such as Amsterdam, Haarlem, Delft, Leiden and Gouda in the west it has preserved enough of old world charm to delight visitors with the setting and colour of its Golden Age and back even to the streets, canals and bridges which saw this tiny but intrepid country rise up under William the Silent and throw off the yoke of the greatest military power of the day.

This is the country and the people you can meet by simply crossing the North Sea—and in this land of surprises is the one and only Amsterdam.

Unfortunately, there is no space to give more than a fleeting picture of this capital city of the Netherlands. This city which not by numbers or size but by personality and vitality alone justly claims the title of "wereldstad" or metropolis. Fly over it and see its spider's web planning, walk beside its tree-lined circular canals, drive through the swirl and rush of its traffic, stand in the shadow of a hundred different gables. See it in sunshine, in mist or in snow, by day or by twinkling night light—it is always and at all times the same fascinating Amsterdam but turning towards you yet another of a thousand different faces.

Here is the giant and intriguing street organ, there the tram with a pillar box on its back. Beside the pavement a flower barge

is moored, and opposite a barrow selling raw herring. Stately patrician houses jostle leaning garrets in the " grachts ". Onion-shaped clock towers, warehouses seven storeys high that have held the spices of the East for three hundred years. The palace nudges the stock exchange and swing bridges, iron bridges, wooden bridges, stone bridges—all go to make up the kaleidoscope of sight, sound and smell which is Amsterdam. This is the home town of Rembrandt and of his masterpieces preserved in the famous Rijksmuseum. This is the resting place of Admiral de Ruyter and the sanctuary of the Portuguese Jews. In this boisterous city lived and worked most of the celebrated painters of the " Great Period " of Dutch art and to-day the Concertgebouw Orchestra; in its home of the same name, maintains the high cultural standards that flourish in the rich and fruitful past.

For sight, there is the tender green and gold light that skips through the branches of the plane trees and leaps and sparkles on the water of the canals. For sound, the plaintive hoot of an evening siren from the harbour that remembers treasure galleons of the Spice Islands; and for smell—that subtle blend of cigar smoke, " hollands ", and the slow moving water that is always Amsterdam.

CONFERENCE 1959—AMSTERDAM

Preliminary Programme

Whitsun—

Friday, May 15	Arrive Amsterdam. Social evening at Conference Hotel.
Saturday, May 16	Business Meeting: Aula of Amsterdam Municipal University.
	Visit by coach to twelfth-century castle of Muiderslot on the Zuyder Zee.
	Reception by the Municipality of Amsterdam.
Sunday, May 17	Service at the English Church. Excursion by boat through the canals of Amsterdam and a surprise planned by our hosts.
Monday, May 18	Through the tulip fields to Haarlem. Reception by the Municipality: Knights Hall of Town Hall.
	Afternoon visit to Frans Hals Museum.
	Conference Banquet, Amsterdam.

Full details from: Hon. Secretary, Dickens House, 48 Doughty Street, London, W.C.1.

FRIENDS OF *THE DICKENSIAN*

Lady Pansy Lamb, Mr. T. S. Lascelles,
Chicago Branch £10 10*s.* 0*d.* Liverpool Branch, £4 4*s.* 0*d.*

DICKENS FELLOWSHIP DIARY

Branch Secretaries are invited to send copies of their syllabus to the Editor to aid him in this compilation.

Birmingham	Oct.	8th	Presidential Address: W. J. Price, Esq.
	Nov.	12th	Historial Costume. Mrs. Mary Giles.
	Dec.	6th	Tea and Social.
	,,	10th	Members' Evening.
Broadstairs	Oct.	6th	Historial Background to Dickens. Gladys Waterer.
	Nov.	10th	Annual Dinner.
	Dec.	1st	Annual General Meeting.
Preston	Sept.	30th	President's Night.
	Oct.	14th	"The Romance of Words." Mrs. M. Bonfield.
	,,	28th	*Christmas Books* and *Stories*. Mrs. T. Baily.
	Nov.	11th	"The Four Seasons," Mrs. W. R. Cooper.
	,,	25th	"Literary Associations of Hampshire." Mr. Wm. Thompson.
	,,	9th	Christmas Party.
Rochester	Sept.	18th	"Historic and Dickensian Rochester." Miss A. Butler.
	Oct.	16th	"Some Seafaring Characters." Mrs. Jane Bacon.
	Nov.	13th	"Dickens—Characters and Clothes." Miss M. R. Hewson.
	Dec.	11th	Christmas Programme: Misses Hollings.
Tewkesbury	Oct.	7th	President's Night.
	Nov.	4th	Readings from *Barnaby Rudge*.
	,,	8th	Rummage Sale.
	Dec.	2nd	Musical Evening.

About fifty members of the Wolverhampton Branch visited Tong, in which Dickens placed the closing scenes of *The Old Curiosity Shop*, on June 28th. After evensong, flowers were laid in the churchyard in memory of Dickens's heroine, and scenes from the book were performed in the church hall. The visit may become an annual event.

Two performances of an excellent adaptation of *Nicholas Nickleby*, by Kenneth McMillan, were given by the Dickens Fellowship in the Hart House Theatre, Toronto, in April.

Two prominent members of the Montreal Branch of the Dickens Fellowship, Mr. and Mrs. J. Gordon W. Rendall, have just celebrated their Golden Wedding, having been resident in Montreal for upwards of twenty years; during most of which time they have been actively associated with the Montreal Branch. Both have served on the executive committee, Mr. Rendall the musical director and treasurer. On June 4th of this year, Mr. and Mrs. Rendall were honoured by their many friends with a reception.

CHANGES IN HON. SECRETARIES

Our thanks are offered to those retiring and congratulations to the newly appointed. Mrs. C. Sleight succeeds Mr. Durward Langton at Hull. Miss Porter succeeds Mrs. J. Edwards at Portsmouth. Mr. G. Rowe succeeds Miss E. White at Adelaide. Miss Mary Frampton succeeds Mrs. J. J. Pemberton at Vancouver. Mrs. Jack West succeeds Mrs. Earl Heath at Marinette. Mrs. J. Earl Gossard succeeds Mrs. Tarr at Sierra Madre.

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP.

BALANCE SHEET AS AT 31ST DECEMBER, 1957.

1956.	LIABILITIES.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
£			
575	Life Membership Fund		574 17 6
833	Special Reserve		833 7 6
	Costume Department Fund—		
	Balance as at 31st December, 1956	143 6 2	
	Add Excess of Income over Expenditure for year	19 17 0	
143			163 3 2
52	Unexpired Balance of Receipts for Charitable Purposes		11 7 3
	General Purposes Fund—		
	As at 31st December, 1956	336 7 8	
	Add Sundry Income from Functions, Sale of Badges, &c., during year	21 12 3	
336			357 19 11
	Income and Expenditure Account—		
	Balance as at 31st December, 1956	1150 2 1	
	Add Excess of Income over Expenditure for year	141 4 5	
1150	Net Profit on *The Dickensian*	17 0 8	
			1308 7 2
—	Sundry Creditors		16 12 0
£3089			£3265 14 6

1956.	ASSETS.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
£			
	Life Membership Fund Investment, at cost—		
575	£549 16*s.* 1*d.* 4% Consolidated Stock		574 17 3
	(Market Value 31st December, 1957, £384 17*s.* 2*d.*)		
	Investment of Special Donation, at cost—		
105	£118 5*s.* 10*d.* 4% Consolidated Stock		105 0 0
	(Market Value, 31st December, 1957, £82 16*s.* 1*d.*)		
	Investment at cost		
550	£576 9*s.* 3*d.* British Gas 3½% Guaranteed Stock 1969/71		550 0 0
	(Market Value 31st December, 1957, £464 1*s.* 0*d.*)		
	Library Pictures and Furniture (including items exhibited in The Dickens House and Library)	19 16 0	
20	*Less* Depreciation	2 0 0	17 16 0
75	The Tyrrell Collection of Photographic Negatives, at cost		75 0 0
	Costume Department—		
	Costumes at Nominal Value	100 0 0	
	Cash in Hands of Assistant Secretary as at 31st December, 1957	63 3 2	
143			163 3 2
	The Dickens House—		
324	Current Account		504 8 0
	The Dickensian—		
	Current Account	284 12 3	
	Add Net Profit for the year	17 0 8	
171			301 12 11
—	Stocks of "Life of Dickens"	60 0 0	
1	Stock of Badges in hand	10 11 9	
—	Stock of Christmas Cards	44 17 7	
20	Income Tax Recoverable		115 9 4
5	Amounts Paid in Advance, etc.		19 18 4
1098	Balance at Bankers		— — —
	Deposit Account	500 0 0	
	Current Account	337 12 1	
2	Cash in Hand	17 5	
£3089			838 9 6
			£3265 14 6

We have examined the above Balance Sheet with the books and vouchers of The Dickens Fellowship and certify the same to be in accordance therewith.
We have also verified the Investments.

3 York Street, Manchester 2.
15*th May*, 1958.

(*Signed*) MORRIS, GREGORY & CO.,
Chartered Accountants,
Hon. Auditors.

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

Dr. INCOME AND EXPENDITURE ACCOUNT FOR THE YEAR ENDED 31ST DECEMBER, 1957. **Cr.**

1956.		EXPENDITURE.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
£	£			
	74	To Rent (including Insurance, Lighting and Heating) and Rates	65 0 0	
755		,, Salaries £758 0 0		
378		*Less* Contribution by Dickens House 379 0 0		
	— 377		379 0 0	
	48	,, Printing and Stationery	36 6 6	
	104	,, General Expenses and Postages	113 18 4	
	603		594 4 10	
217		*Less* Amount charged to *The Dickensian* £246 5 11		
52		Amount charged to Costume Department ... 30 0 0		
	— 269		276 5 11	
	334			317 18 11
	89	,, *The Dickensian* supplied to Headquarters' Members ...		119 5 0
	10	,, *The Dickensian* supplied to Branch Secretaries		13 10 0
	30	,, Meetings		30 0 0
	22	,, Contributions to Charitable Purposes Account		12 18 1
	2	,, Depreciation of Library Pictures and Furniture		2 0 0
77		Premium on Miss D. L. Minard's Deferred Annuity 76 19 0		
		Less Contributed by Auckland Branch £ 5 0 0		
51		*Less* Contributed by Dickens House .. 51 6 0		
			56 6 0	
	— 26			20 13 0
	80	,, Balance being Excess of Income over Expenditure ...		141 4 5
	£593			£657 9 5

1956.		INCOME.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
£				
		By Subscriptions—		
481		Headquarters' Members	493 10 10	
68		Branches...	66 11 6	
13		,, Interest on Investment of Life Membership Fund, less tax	12 12 11	
				572 15 3
20		,, Refund of Income Tax		19 18 4
11		,, Interest on Investment, *less* Tax		11 12 2
–		,, Interest on Deposit Account (Gross)		11 11 6
–		,, Profit on Sales of "Life of Dickens"		20 10 0
–		,, Profit on Sales of Christmas Cards		21 2 2
£593				£657 9 5

Obituary

JAMES W. McFADDEN, Q.C.

With deep regret we announce the death in Ireland, on March 15th, of Mr. James W. McFadden, Q.C., a past President of Toronto Branch of the Dickens Fellowship. He was born in Northern Ireland, and obtained B.A. and M.A. degrees from the Royal University of Ireland, and an LL.B. degree from Queen's University, Belfast. He came to Canada in 1912 and settled in Saskatchewan, where he was called to the Bar in 1913, and came to Toronto in 1917. He was called to the Bar of Ontario that year. After acting as Assistant Crown Attorney for 12 years, he was appointed Crown Attorney in 1933, and served in that capacity for 17 years, after which he became a Magistrate and member of the Police Commission. He retired in 1956 and returned to Ireland. He was President of Toronto Branch from 1924-1929, and again from 1935–1938, and was elected a Vice-President of the H.Q. in London in 1938. He was an ardent Dickensian, and much sought after as a lecturer on Dickens, and was esteemed for his scholarship and many sterling qualities. He was admired and liked by all who had the privilege of knowing him.

Rev. F. W. NORWOOD

Montreal mourns the death of the Rev. F. W. Norwood, an active member for many years and its immediate Past President. Well-known in London for his distinguished ministry at the City Temple he endeared himself to the Fellowship in Toronto during his long sojourn in that city and was of incalculable value to it.

We also regret to record the death of Mrs. N. M. Fletcher of Birmingham. Mrs. Evelyn Harding of Liverpool, Mr. Ainslie McMichael of Toronto, and Sir Louis Sterling, Mr. A. Proctor and Mr. Christopher Walls of Headquarters.

RECENT DICKENSIANA

"Dickens: An Essay in Christian Evaluation." G. Ingli James. *Blackfriars*, November, 1957.

"Une Amitie Française de Charles Dickens." Sylvère Monod. *Études Anglaises*, Ap.-June.

"The Dickens Readings.' Robert Woodall. *Comtemporary Review*. May.

"The Date of the Action in *Great Expectations*," Mary Edminson, *Nineteenth Century Fiction*, June.

"Notes on *Barnaby Rudge*." W. H. Graham. *Contemporary Review*, August.

DICKENS IN THE CINEMA

We are indebted to Professor Edward Wagenknecht, of Boston, Mass., for some notes on Mr. Ian F. Finlay's article in our last issue.

1911 *A Tale of Two Cities*. A three reel film. Maurice Costello.
1912 *Martin Chuzzlewit*. For Charles Olga, read Charles Olge.
1913 *Little Dorrit*. For Maude Fealey, read Maude Fealy.
Pickwick Papers. A three reel film. American. Shot in England.
1916 *Oliver Twist*. For Marie Dora, read Marie Doro.
1926 *A Tale of Two Cities*. "The Only Way," with Martin Harvey.

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The Dickens Fellowship

LONDON MEETINGS

Sat.	Sept. 27th.	Visit to Carlyle's House. Mrs. D. Giles. Limited party. Apply to Dickens House, with S.A.E.
Mon.	Oct. 6th.	"The Children of Dickens." Mrs. Angela Thirkell. Chairman: D. L. Murray.
Sat.	Oct. 18th.	Visit to The Charterhouse, conducted by Mr. V. C. Sanders, 2*s.* 6*d.* Meet Aldersgate Station 2-0 p.m. sharp.
Thur.	Nov. 13th.	"*Edwin Drood*—The Twilight of a God." Miss Mollie Greenhalgh. Chairman: T. S. Lascelles.
Sat.	Nov. 15th.	The Temple, Old and New. Conducted by Mr. Leslie C. Staples. Meet: Temple Station, 2-30 p.m.
Wed.	Dec. 3rd.	Afternoon Visit to the Royal Mews. Admission 1/-. Strictly limited party. Apply Dickens House with no cash, but S.A.E.
Tues.	Dec. 9th.	"Charles Dickens—Vital Statistics," Mr. Gordon Stowell. Chairman: Miss Stuart Bunning.
Fri.	Dec. 12th.	CHRISTMAS PARTY, Crosby Hall, Chelsea. 12*s.* 6*d.* (deposit 5*s.*) Informal dress.

All meetings, unless otherwise stated will be held at the Swedenborg Hall, 20/22 Bloomsbury Way, W.C.1., at 7 p.m. Doors open at 6-30 p.m.

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

Founded 6th October, 1902.

LIST OF BRANCHES WITH HON. SECRETARIES.

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Hon. Editor of *The Dickensian*: LESLIE C. STAPLES.

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The dates following the Number of each Branch indicates the date on which it was founded.

Full particulars of the Fellowship and Forms of Membership can be obtained from any of the Secretaries.

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